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THE COMING BUDGET.

THERE can be no doubt that a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer welcomes the suggestions which are always forthcoming in abundance before the publication of the Budget. In other great departments of State there are perhaps the official mysteries which a year ago furnished Mr. DISRAELI with an excuse for not announcing a policy on the resignation of Mr. GLADSTONE; but the figures on which financial proposals depend are as well known to the world at large as to the Minister himself. After allowance has been made for a probable increase in the estimates of expenditure, it is ascertained that the surplus will, according to the receipts and estimates of the past year, exceed four millions. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will not be disposed to rely on a continued increase in the productiveness of existing taxes. With the collapse of prices and wages in some of the principal departments of industry, even the consumption of beer and spirits will no longer be indefinitely elastic. The returns of the Income-tax itself will probably indicate the commencement of commercial depression, and the stocks and shares which become during the year liable to succession duty will have been reduced in value by a considerable percentage. Even if the prosperity of the last three years had not been checked, it would be unsafe to anticipate a large mortality of capitalists and great landowners. Whatever may be the case with other branches of revenue, the Stamps will in all probability show a decline. If Mr. LOWE had not been blamed by some recent writers on finance for estimates of revenue which were afterwards largely exceeded by the actual result, it might have been thought a truism that it is better to err on the safe side, and even of set purpose to drop a few handfals which may be gleaned by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. The conversion of Consols into Terminable Annuities, which has been devised for the purpose of cheating the House of Commons and the country by a pious fraud into almost unconscious payment of debt, is a more elaborate and more costly process than the provision of a moderate annual surplus. In present circumstances the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may not unreasonably assume for the purposes of his Budget that the receipts will during the ensuing year be perceptibly diminished. It would not even be an excessive precaution to reduce his estimated surplus by twenty-five per cent., leaving a margin of about three millions.

A modest estimate of revenue is the more desirable because a smaller surplus offers less temptation to waste. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, though he is a sound financier, will not attribute to himself the originality or genius which could alone justify heroic experiments. In 1860 Mr. GLADSTONE startled the House of Commons by announcing a deficiency of ten millions, of which, as he proceeded to explain, nearly the whole was due to an imaginary expiration of the Income-tax. His estimates, though, as the result proved, they were somewhat too sanguine, practically disclosed an equilibrium; but he proposed, as in the present year, a large reduction of existing taxes, with compensatory adjustments, of which the most important was an addition to the Income-tax. The reduction of the wine duties was rendered necessary by the treaty concluded at the same time with France; the repeal of the paper duty was, in consequence of the unwonted interference of the House of Lords, only effected in the following year. Although there was a deficit in 1861, Mr. GLADSTONE's comprehensive measures were fully justified by ultimate success; and it is perhaps not surprising that he should have contemplated a recurrence to the same bold policy in the present year. The House of Commons would not be dis-

posed, in deference to any authority less high than that of Mr. GLADSTONE, both to sacrifice a surplus and to encroach largely on the residue of the national income. The present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will not impose new taxes under the name of adjustments; and it may be hoped that he will not be precipitate or profuse in his offers of relief. It would not be an intolerable misfortune if, by the consent of all parties, the whole or the greater part of the surplus could be devoted to the redemption of debt. Only six or seven years ago the Ministry and the Opposition professed to think that the best possible application of a small surplus was the creation of Terminable Annuities, which accordingly now augment the annual expenditure. Mr. GLADSTONE was frequently eloquent in praise of the Americans, because they at that time levied oppressive taxes for the purpose of diminishing their debt. If he had remained in office, and if he had not modified his opinions, he might now have had an opportunity of making an impression on the Debt.

As the alternative of reducing taxes will certainly be adopted, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have to compare the conflicting claims of many deputations, and the more disinterested suggestions of many voluntary advisers. There is reason to fear that the weakest sufferers will, according to the proverb, go to the wall. Public opinion in matters of taxation too often favours special injustice. The demand of the brewers for the abolition of the licence duty was in the highest degree reasonable, but the hardships of a small and wealthy body attract no popular sympathy. There is no better reason for a tax on brewers than for a tax on bankers, on coalowners, or on cotton-spinners, all of whom would, like the brewers, find themselves unable to distribute half a million in additions to the cost of the commodities in which they deal. The pretext that the licence duty is an equivalent for the hop duty is perfectly idle, although it has some historical foundation. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE imposed the licence tax when he removed the Excise and Customs duties on hops; but other remissions of duties on commodities, and especially on raw material, were given by Parliament, and not sold. The duty on malt is only defensible as being largely productive; the comparatively small amount levied on hops was a mere anomaly. When the paper duties were repealed, it was not thought necessary to make newspaper proprietors recoup the revenue. On the contrary, they were about the same time relieved both from the advertisement duty and the stamp duty. It was not thought equally worth while to conciliate the brewers, who are nevertheless not wholly without political influence. Railway shareholders have still less hope than brewers of an impartial audience, although the passenger duty on the metropolitan and suburban lines which compete with untaxed steamboats and omnibuses is a flagrant and indefensible abuse. The farmers, though they are more numerous than brewers, and even than railway shareholders, can scarcely hope for the repeal of the malt duty. The sugar trade, which has not been directly represented by any recent deputation, may not improbably be preferred to more urgent candidates for fiscal relief. Mr. DISRAELI may perhaps consent to forget his hasty proposition that reduction of indirect taxes is in all cases preferable to repeal. The mischief of interference with production by revenue officers is a fixed quantity, while the receipts from the duty diminish with the percentage of the tax. Those who are best able to form a judgment on the question attach importance to the difficulties connected with the classification of sugar; and the revenue, now reduced to about a million and a half, can be at present spared with comparative convenience. Former

experience of reductions shows that the whole benefit of the reduction would accrue to the consumer, although dealers would of course profit by an increase of trade. Mr. BAXTER's suggestion of a repeal of the duties on coffee, chicory, fruit, and other articles of minor importance is well worthy of attention. There are no branches of revenue which are collected at a higher proportional cost.

The contributors to the Income-tax have, with the exception of an association of tradesmen, abstained from troubling the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with memorials or interviews. The requests for relief proceed only from a minority in value of the taxpayers, so that compliance with their demands would operate as a gratuitous boon to owners of property. There is a general current of opinion in favour of a remission of the whole or part of the tax on smaller incomes; and the practical difficulty of exemption may by proper exertion be overcome. It is necessary in the first instance to deduct the tax from rent, interest, and dividends without regard to the circumstances of the owner, who may perhaps possess other sources of income. It might be practicable when exemptions became more numerous to provide additional facilities for the return of overpaid taxes, and there would be some compensatory saving of labour in the collection of duties under Schedule D. A reduction of the present percentage is to be deprecated as an unnecessary sacrifice of revenue, while it would leave untouched the alleged objections to the machinery of the tax. Of all the modes of disposing of the surplus which have been lately discussed, the worst would be a transfer of local burdens to the national Treasury. Mr. DISRAELI has unfortunately intimated his determination to relieve the ratepayers; and his language seemed to point to measures of the current year. It is always a matter of regret when financial arrangements are made to depend on political considerations. Sir MASSEY LOPES is himself temporarily silenced by office; but his supporters form a considerable section of the Ministerial majority, while a few of them are to be found on the Opposition benches. Mr. DISRAELI himself shares their opinions, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will perhaps be unable to resist the pressure of colleagues and of adherents. If he is compelled to make concessions to the ratepayers, it may be hoped that he will find in the transfer of burdens a conclusive reason for retaining the Income-tax at its present rate. There is no other fund from which a donation to owners and occupiers of real property could be drawn with any plausible show of justice. A twofold reduction of direct taxes would be intolerably invidious.

COUNT BEUST'S NOTE.

WHAT was the real nature of the position of Austria towards France when the war of 1870 broke out has been the subject of violent dispute among French politicians. The Duke of GRAMONT has always alleged that Austria gave France such assurances of support that it cannot truly be said that the Imperial Government rushed into the war without having made sure of a valuable alliance; while M. THIERS and critics of his sort have always alleged that the Imperial Government had ample warning that France could not reckon on Austria doing anything for her. The discussion of this point was interesting to French politicians who were trying to fix blame on each other and each other's parties, but it was extremely inconvenient to Austria, who did not much admire a process by which her diplomatic secrets were being raked up, and probably, being now on good terms with Prussia, did not like to have it known how very warmly she had espoused the cause of Prussia's enemies. Enough was published to show that Austria was restrained by prudence only from helping France, and the Prussian Court, which was perfectly aware of this, neither felt nor expressed any resentment. Prussia had, in fact, converted the former ally of France into an unhesitating ally of her own, and this was a triumph sufficiently great to throw all past causes of unpleasantness into the shade. But the controversy was not terminated in France, and the Duke of GRAMONT persisted in saying that there had been a despatch received at the moment when the war broke out, in which Count BEUST had positively stated that Austria considered the cause of France as her own. At last the Austrian Court seems to have thought that there need be no more concealment, and has permitted the despatch to be published on which the Duke of GRAMONT relied. Con-

sidering the circumstances under which it was written, it seems to have been a very sensible and creditable despatch for Count BEUST to have penned. It is quite true that it is stated in this despatch that Austria considered the cause of France as her own, but it is also true that it is pointed out in language of unexceptionable clearness that Austria was not prepared to give France any active aid. It must be remembered that Count BEUST was writing long before the Germans had gained any successes, and when France was preparing to carry the war into Germany, and fully believed in her power to get the start of her adversary. When, therefore, Count BEUST explained why it was that Austria could not help France, we may be sure that he was in earnest when he wrote that neutrality, a word he uttered with regret, was imposed on Austria by imperious necessity. It was to the permanent interests and permanent difficulties of Austria that he was obliged to look; and an examination of the reasons he gave for Austria adopting a course which it caused him sincere pain to own that she was obliged to adopt throws great light, not only on the temporary question why Austria did not take the field against Prussia, but on the general policy of Austria since the war of 1870.

The primary reason that induced Austria to remain neutral was the fear of Russia. Count BEUST had ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that, if Austria took the side of France, Russia would at once, without hesitation, take the side of Prussia. What good would an Austrian alliance do to France in such a case? Austria would have been immediately threatened in Galicia and on the Pruth and the Lower Danube. She would have had to fight for her own life, and would have been utterly unable to assist France. It must always be borne in mind that it was the close alliance of Russia and Germany that enabled Germany to improve her first victories, and to pursue her career of conquest unchecked by outsiders. As a recompense for the assistance thus rendered, Russia got, at the expense of the honour, if not the interests, of England, the coveted prize of the free use of the Black Sea. When the French war was over, Prince BISMARCK set to work to use the Russian alliance to a new purpose. He so managed matters that he was able to offer a Russian alliance to Austria, with Germany as the mediator between them, and the friend of both. Austria, after due consideration, accepted the offer, and the consequence has been the introduction of a completely new phase of European politics. Formerly Austria was the secret or scarcely concealed enemy of Prussia and Russia, dreading both, but trying to hold her own against each in turn by every device that patience and courage could suggest. She had to fight Prussia in 1866 and was severely beaten; and subsequently by constant intrigues with her discontented subjects Russia did much to annoy and embarrass her. Still, when the French war broke out, Count BEUST could write that the cause of France was the cause of Austria, and that it was only fear of the consequences that restrained Austria from challenging Russia to take part in the war. Now Austria has seen reason to adopt a totally different policy. She makes her calculations on the basis that Russia will be sincerely friendly, and not only has much of the factitious discontent in her outlying provinces died away with the cessation of the stimulus given by Russian agitation, but she has ventured on letting Turkey know, especially in the Bosnian affair, that she will insist on having proper respect shown her, and the Porte has been obliged to reply in very civil and conciliatory language. But this might have happened if for any reason Austria and Russia had seen fit to make friends and give each other the benefit of a temporary alliance. What is new is that the present alliance is under the guarantee and guardianship of Germany, to whom its existence is in fact due. Austria leans upon Germany as a protector able and willing to see that no unjust advantage is taken of her, while Russia in its turn is satisfied that Germany will take care that the eternal Eastern question is not permitted to take any new and awkward shape at a moment when Russia may prefer rest or needs her energies for the prosecution of her aims in Asia.

But there was another reason which weighed with Count BEUST, and that was that Austria could not really count on her own subjects. The Germans belonging to Austria could not be trusted to fight against Germany; and the Hungarians, although perfectly ready to defend themselves against Russia, were by no means to be relied on if they thought that Austria was calling on them to fight in order that

Austria might gain strength in Germany, and thus upset the balance of internal power on which the new system of dual government reposed. Nor was it really a hesitation as to what Austrian Germans and Hungarians would do that alone filled Count BEUST with disquietude. The Austrian army, in consequence of the change in the whole system of Government introduced after the war with Prussia, and also in consequence of the experience which that war had furnished, was totally reorganized in 1868, and it was agreed between Austria and Hungary that the system then introduced should be tried for a fixed period of ten years. In 1870 the Austrian army, crippled by the difficulties attendant on every new scheme of army reorganization, was not at all fit to take the field. A large part of the troops was mobilized in order that Austria, if attacked, might not be taken utterly unprepared, and it was soon seen that the new system was only in its infancy, and that a campaign would probably be attended with immense disasters. By prudently keeping out of the way of danger Austria gained time so as to let her new military system come into full operation. It is even now reported to be far from what it was intended to be, and here again the advantage of a fresh period of repose which Germany offered her through the Triple Alliance was obvious. Unfortunately Austria cannot afford, or can only afford with the utmost difficulty, the army she desires. She wants to have 800,000 men when the army is on the war footing, and to have these men thoroughly trained by a compulsory service of three years. It was calculated until lately that Austria by economy and very good management might get an army such as she desired for about seven millions sterling. But latterly it has been seen that this, under present circumstances, is impossible. The officers are starved, the cavalry is weak, the artillery is insufficient, the fortresses are not secure under the new conditions of modern warfare. A million and a half more is therefore wanted this year beyond the seven millions which it used to be thought was enough. But a million and a half sterling is a very large sum for a State always so near bankruptcy as Austria has been for years; and if the money is to be found, it can only be found by complete reliance being placed on the pacific intentions of Austria. In one respect Austria is better off than she used to be, for she is on cordial terms with Italy, and has no longer an enemy to fear on that side. But then her alliance with Italy and with Germany, and the progress of the ideas on which that alliance is based, are exposing her to a new source of internal trouble. Count BEUST in his despatch speaks of the task which Austria had been requested by France to undertake at Florence, and of the hopes which the French Court entertained that a useful alliance between France and Italy might thus be established. Count BEUST promises to do his best; but urges that, if anything is to be done in this way, the Italians must be allowed to occupy Rome. Count BEUST implores the Government of the Emperor NAPOLEON to perform this act of Liberalism, and so to outstrip Germany, and prevent it being thought that the Italians owed Rome to the spread and triumph of Teutonic ideas, which might, as Count BEUST pointed out, easily prove contagious in Austria. Here we have the beginning of that separation of the Austrian Government from the Ultramontanes which has lately assumed such considerable dimensions, and which cannot fail to lead to the most important results, as it raises in a peculiar form the great question of the relations of the Church and the State which is now agitating almost every European country.

THE AGRICULTURAL LOCK-OUT.

THE struggle now going on between the labourers and their employers in the Eastern counties is as yet too young for either side to be near owning itself conquered. It is, however, assuming larger dimensions, and the number of men locked out is continually increasing. The main reason of this increase is that the quarrel is not primarily a quarrel about wages. It began with a demand on the part of the labourers at Exning for a shilling a week more, and the employers were not unwilling to accede to it if, on consideration, they could make up their minds that they could afford to give what was asked. But, while they were considering, the men allowed it to be known that they believed themselves to have might as well as right on their side, and that they had the Union to look to if the masters

would not give them the extra shilling. The masters immediately treated this as giving a totally new aspect to the whole affair. The farmers of the district had some time previously formed an Association of their own to combat the Union, and to this Association the Exning case was referred. It was resolved that the time had come to stamp the Union out in the neighbourhood, and all the members of the Association pledged themselves to get rid of every labourer who was a member of the Union. This is the origin of the lock-out. The men were thrown out of employment not because they, or some of them, wanted a shilling a day more, but because they belonged to the Union. And it is this that has made the lock-out spread so rapidly. The more men locked out the better for the farmers, for the greater is the charge on the funds of the Union, and the stronger the hope that the labourers may be beaten by having nothing to eat. The labourers are meanwhile getting their nine shillings a week so long as the Union funds last; they are anxiously inquiring whether they cannot get work elsewhere in England; and they are eagerly listening to schemes of emigration. Perfect order and even a certain amount of neighbourly good feeling appear to prevail in the district, and the exaggerated apprehensions of the Bishop of MANCHESTER appear as yet to be entirely without foundation. A few agitators from a distance have stirred up a little bitterness, and have printed abusive remarks on the farmers in their usual strain of insolent ignorance. But the men themselves do not appear to bear any malice against the farmers, or to be inclined to use anything like illegal coercion towards those who do not choose to join the Union, and so still go on working. The question is treated as one between one social order and another. The pride of the men is touched. They are commanded not to do a perfectly legal thing, and they resent this. The farmers have of course an equally perfect legal right not to employ a labourer who joins the Union, just as they have a perfect legal right not to employ a Roman Catholic or a man with red hair. But the labourers as a body are indignant at this treatment, and earnestly appeal to those who are inclined to go on working not to desert their order. And yet the farmers are not establishing the lock-out from any mere caprice. It is very inconvenient to them, to say the least, and if they did not think themselves sure of winning, they might own that it must subject them to a serious pecuniary loss; but they are determined, if they can, to retain the power of treating directly with their men on questions of wages, instead of having an outside body interfering in the bargain. The labourers reply that to the best of their belief the Union has done much good, if not to them, yet to the general body of English labourers, that they wish to encourage it, that they are only doing what the law allows them to do, and that to leave the Union simply because their master bids them would be to forfeit whatever sense of dignity and independence they may have in them. Such a quarrel is, it is obvious, a far more serious one than if it were merely a dispute as to whether a farmer with produce at particular prices and a fixed rent to pay can afford to add a shilling a week to the wages of his labourers.

That the farmers should look with an evil eye on the Union is not unnatural. The history of Trade Unions is not an attractive one to those who have hitherto stood outside of the area they occupy; and the farmers, besides the wish to manage their own affairs, which they share with most other men, are not unreasonably irritated at the thought that they are represented by Union agitators as the oppressors of the poor. They do not feel as if they had oppressed the poor around them, many of whom they have known since they were all boys together. They say, with some show of justice, that they give the labourer more than the current rate of wages would indicate, and that they cannot carry on farming if they are to pay, not what is the market price of labour, but what a Bishop calls an equitable wage. Some of the landlords have so far helped the farmers that they have given notice to those labourers who hold cottages direct from them that they must leave. But it is not easy to see how the landlords could have done otherwise, unless they wished to defeat the calculations which the farmers think assure them victory. If the men who are quarrelling with the farmers were to be considered entitled to go on occupying the only available cottages, the farmers could not use the weapon of introducing labourers into the district who will agree not to join the Union.

But the other side of the question deserves consideration. Although it may be true that the rate of wages is not much affected by Unions, if the calculation is made with sufficiently large limits of time and space, it is also true that there are districts in which, directly it was found that the labourers could combine, it was also discovered that the farmers could afford to make all of a sudden what is to a poor man so enormous an addition to his wages as three shillings a week. The Union has, as a matter of fact, raised agricultural wages very rapidly in some localities, and poor men in other localities are not likely to think badly of an institution which has done so much for their brethren. Nor is it a small gain to the labourer that he should be stimulated into some activity and independence of mind by having what he believes to be a great cause of his own, and by having to go through some severe personal privations that he may stand by his order. The Union, too, gives guidance and help in certain indirect ways which the men really want. When the farmer is asked by benevolent bishops to give an equitable wage, he replies that he, like every one else, gives what will command the article he wants and no more. He gives twelve shillings a week instead of thirteen because he can get men who will take twelve shillings. But if labourers cannot, as we will assume, live on twelve shillings in decent comfort, this shows that there are, in some districts at least, too many labourers. To leave the place where they are not wanted, and to go where they are wanted, is the advice that sound economists would give them. But how is a poor man to do this? How is he to know when to go, how to go, where to go? The Union has come to the assistance of the ignorant, perplexed labourer. It or its best leaders try to ascertain where the work of such men as agricultural labourers is really wanted, what mistakes must be avoided, what help will be needed, which men are fittest to go. For the first time in his life the labourer who has a dim consciousness that the labour market is over-stocked, and that it would be better for him to leave the place of his birth, finds direction, organization, and selection carried on for his enlightenment and benefit.

Possibly, in any one instance like that of the Newmarket district, the farmers may win, and Unionism will be stamped out for a season; but it is next to impossible that even they should win for more than a very short time; and that the Labourers' Union should be trampled out all over England is, it may be fairly said, quite out of the question. The Census of 1871 shows that the number of agricultural labourers decreased by 300,000 in the ten previous years. There were then only six labourers where in 1861 there had been seven. The scheme of emigration which the Union is beginning to set in motion will probably carry off the pick of the diminished number shown in the 1871 Census, and if it is true that even at present the Union includes one-third of the whole body, it has attained proportions which will give it a strength that must continually increase. Whether the farmers like it or not, the general system of English agriculture must undergo great changes before long, and the Cambridgeshire farmers are reported to see this, only they cannot bear to acknowledge that the Union is to be the instrument of these changes in the districts to which they belong. Whether rents will sink is extremely doubtful, but the landlord will have to provide decent cottages just as he provides decent farm-buildings, or the farmer will not be able to keep his labourers. The cottage will have, as a mere matter of business, the same care bestowed on its sufficiency for its purpose as the stable or the barn. The labourer will be paid in money all he earns. When he works extra hours he will be paid for extra hours. If he takes any payment in kind its quantity and money value will be ascertained beforehand. Piecework will be introduced as much as possible, and some of the Cambridgeshire farmers have already vowed that when they have conquered, and the labourer forswearing the Union shall return to his work, they will get rid of these eternal quarrels about wages by throwing every farming operation that admits of it into the form of a job contracted for at a price. On the other hand, the farmer will do all he can to make himself comfortable with as few labourers as possible. It is idle to talk of laying down all England in grass, for there is much land that must always give a better return when ploughed than it could do if the plough gave way to the cow or the sheep; but there is much land which, with the enormous increase in the town population and in the facilities of locomotion,

might be laid down in grass to a profit, and that it will be so laid down if labour becomes scarce and labourers hard to deal with is a matter of certainty. The farmers too will take more and more to the use of every kind of machinery that supersedes labour, and this will quicken their intelligence and raise the style of their farming, while it will also stimulate and form the minds of those who are employed to keep the machinery going. No one can believe that at the end of this century a Cambridgeshire farm will be worked on the same system or with the same sort of farmer over it as at present, although the farming of that day may probably not equal the farming of the present day in some qualities that make a country life attractive. Nor will there be the same sort of labourer to do the rough work. Probably most of those accustomed to farms now who are living then will acknowledge that the position of the labourer has improved on the whole; but no transitions are made without suffering, and not a few perhaps of those labourers who are now passing a life far from happy or comfortable, but still protected against some dangers and attended with some alleviations of care, will be found to have fared ill in changing times, and to have sunk and died like beaten wayfarers in the path of progress.

ADEN AND LAHEJ.

THE general nature and the results of the discussion with the Porte on the affairs of the Southern provinces of Yemen were already known; but the Correspondence which is now published is both instructive and amusing. Turkish Pashas understand as well as Chinese Mandarins the art of affecting ignorance of concessions which the central authorities may have been compelled to make. If they can baffle the exacting foreigner by withholding obedience to the commands of their own superiors, they well know that they have neither censure nor punishment to fear. The worst that can happen is that their proceedings will be disavowed, while they will have exhibited their own zeal for the interests of the Sultan. In the autumn of 1872 a petty chief in the neighbourhood of Aden, calling himself Sultan of LAHEJ, informed the RESIDENT that he had been summoned by the Pasha of YEMEN to render submission to the Porte. Some of the neighbouring chiefs had received similar overtures; and it was evident that the Turks intended to assert their sovereignty over the whole of the lowland tribes. The letter of the Governor of Yemen was composed in the Oriental style which is familiar to readers of the *Arabian Nights*. It seems that "our Lord the SULTAN of Al-Islam, the devout follower of the religion of the two Holy Cities, the Monarch of the Kingdom of the East and the West," having determined "to resuscitate the kingdom which his ancestors the Sultans founded" in the land of Yemen, has accomplished his design "without causing us any trouble, nor has any trouble whatever befallen the people of the country." The PASHA is consequently astonished that his correspondent of Lahej should be afraid, especially as a neighbouring Sheikh could have informed him of "our character and our mode of dealing with the people, our clemency and justice." He will do well to return with the PASHA's messenger to receive "the good things and the high honour he deserves." The RESIDENT advised the Chief of Lahej to reply that he had asked advice from the English Government, and that he declined to act until he had received instructions. It is possible that the English Foreign Office might have paid comparatively little attention to a conflict of jurisdiction in Arabia, but for the fortunate circumstance that Aden is a dependency of India. The pretensions of the SULTAN of Al-Islam to the sovereignty of Arabia might or might not be well founded; but it was out of the question to allow any foreign Power to control the districts from which the fortress obtains necessary supplies. As the Resident, Brigadier-General SCHREIBER, observed, "The great trade that is carried on between the neighbouring States in the interior of Aden might by prohibitive transit duties be diverted to other ports in the Red Sea."

In the first instance Lord GRANVILLE's representations to the Porte merely produced the nugatory assurance that in any operations which might be undertaken in Arabia the most scrupulous regard would be shown to British territory. Lord GRANVILLE explained to Sir H. ELLIOT, who seems not to have appreciated the object of the original remon-

strance, that the English Government would be able to provide for the security of its own territory, against which no aggression had been apprehended. The Turkish authorities were required to abstain, not from an attack on Aden, but from any interference with Lahej and with the other neighbouring districts. After some hesitation the FOREIGN MINISTER and the GRAND VIZIER gave the assurances which were demanded; and the Governor of Yemen was formally directed to abstain from interfering in any way with the ruler of Lahej. In April 1873 the VICEROY in Council informed the Secretary of State of the reasons which justified the demands already preferred. As a matter of fact, the Porte had not interfered with the protected chiefs for two hundred years, and the Indian Government had allowed stipends to some of the chiefs, had settled their local quarrels, and generally considered itself at liberty to impose upon them any measures which it might consider essential for the safety of Aden and its territory. To the despatch was appended a list of the tribes which were to be exempt from Turkish interference. The Turkish Government again, under pressure, ordered the Governor of Yemen to withdraw from the protected districts; but perhaps the negotiation might have lingered on to the present time if the RESIDENT had not, under the orders of the Indian Government, made a timely display of force. The Pasha of YEMEN quartered a small body of troops in the house of the Howshebee Sultan, who was one of the protected chiefs, and he even provided a mutinous brother of the Sheikh of LAHEJ with a garrison for his private residence, on the pretext that he had voluntarily become a Turkish subject. The RESIDENT took the trouble to explain, through one of his assistants, the absurdity of the position that the Turkish authorities might protect outside of their own dominions any rebel who thought fit to profess allegiance to the Ottoman Government. The argument was soon after repeated in a form more intelligible to those to whom it was addressed. Even at Constantinople a strong impression was produced by the despatch of an English force from Aden to the assistance of the Chief of Lahej.

At the beginning of December 1873, in obedience to instructions from the Indian Government, five hundred men were sent from Aden to Lahej, and they were followed by the RESIDENT in person. Orders were given not to engage in hostilities, and the Turkish troops were soon afterwards withdrawn. ABDoola, for whose protection they had been nominally sent, was required with other malcontent members of his family to wait on the RESIDENT, who explained to him that he was guilty of the offence of rebellion, and that he must on the same day surrender himself and his fortified houses to the English authorities. ABDoola judiciously accepted the terms which were imposed by irresistible force; and the fortresses, which were of considerable strength, were completely demolished. ABDoola and his associates were taken as prisoners to Aden, which may perhaps for the moment prove a safer residence than their own native town. It would have been highly inconvenient that any collision should take place between English and Turkish troops; but it is not to be regretted that this transaction should have been ultimately settled with the aid of a military detachment. Future Governors of Yemen would not have hesitated to profess entire ignorance of any verbal negotiations, and of the express orders of the Government of Constantinople; nor would the Arab chiefs have had the means of understanding the true relations between England and the Porte. Diplomacy is seldom effective without force in the background, and the conventional fictions by which civilized States disguise the grounds of their demands and the motives of their concessions are not perhaps well adapted to the apprehension of Turks and Arabs. The Indian Government has by long experience acquired great aptitude in dealing with encroaching neighbours. If on one side the Porte has of late years become a regular European Power, distant Pashas still require from time to time to be reminded that their aggressions may be checked on the spot if their own Government fails to control their operations.

It is not material to inquire whether the backwardness and apparent insincerity of the Ministers at Constantinople indicated a decline of English influence. In his later despatches Lord GRANVILLE expresses just displeasure at the failure of the Government to enforce its own orders, and at the numerous attempts to reopen a controversy which had been definitely terminated. It was sufficiently clear that the Pasha of YEMEN believed that his superiors were anxious

to escape from their engagements; nor can it be doubted that they would have sanctioned his interference with the chiefs of the lowland tribes if the English Government had vacillated in its policy. It is perhaps on the whole reasonable to attribute the delays which occurred merely to a not unnatural desire to profit by the chances which might arise from procrastination. The title of the SULTAN to the sovereignty of different parts of Arabia rests on the same foundation; and it might be plausibly argued by disaffected chiefs that, if the Turkish troops were compelled to evacuate Lahej, their occupation of other districts was also an act of usurpation. It is not pleasant to withdraw under menace pretensions which have been ostentatiously asserted. The management of the whole business is creditable to the Foreign Office, to the Indian Government, and to the RESIDENT at Aden. Without unnecessary violence, a danger which might ultimately have become serious has been averted; and the chiefs of districts round Aden will no longer have any doubt as to the rightful claimant of their allegiance. To a petty Arab Sheikh the power of Turkey probably appears formidable, but obedience to English commands is clearly indispensable.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON HOME RULE.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, whose opinion on political questions is always entitled to consideration, has addressed to the *Daily News* a letter on Irish Home Rule written in the lucid style and with the vigorous animosity which characterize all his writings. It is perhaps true that the wrongs of Ireland "have not made a worse impression than the want of courtesy with which a large section of English writers and speakers have habitually treated the complaints and aspirations of the Irish people." The English nation also has the weakness of disliking, and even of resenting, contemptuous and unqualified vituperation. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's earnest and patriotic exhortations would have been more patiently received if he could sometimes have suspended his indignation against the aristocracy, the clergy, the supporters of existing institutions, the landowners, and, in the present instance, the new members who form a third part of the present House of Commons. It is difficult to determine whether Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's qualified apology for the Home Rule party is suggested by a feeling of candour or by a love of antithesis. "Home Rule, however undesirable in English eyes, is at least a public object. . . . It is better than corruption, servility, or mere wealth-worship. It is at least as good as 'our national beverage and our national religion.'" Even the most passionate of satirists might recognize the fallacy of contrasting the formal professions of one party with the absurdities which are humorously imputed by a hostile epigrammatist to the other. It was not by the publicans nor by the more pious Conservatives that the cause of the Bible was ostentatiously identified with the interests of beer. The combination of a superior or aristocratic intellect with devotion to extreme democratic doctrines fully accounts for consummate scorn of a popular verdict given at a general election. Again and again Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH assumes that the Conservative majority was produced by beer, though it might be doubtful whether the deleterious liquor is denounced because it was sold by publicans or rather as having been consumed by voters. As the new members whom Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH so utterly despises professed principles unconnected with beer, it is perhaps irrelevant to assert that Home Rule is a more public matter of concern than "our national beverage." The majority in the new Parliament may perhaps be as sincere in its dislike of perpetual changes as the Irish members in their devotion to Home Rule. Many of the Home Rule members are converts whose convictions are not six months old; and some of the rest openly avow their desire for entire separation. A Fenian agitator has lately repudiated the right of Mr. BUTT to represent Irish opinion on Home Rule or on any other question; but after all Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is right in recommending the practice of courtesy in political disputes.

No opponent of Home Rule has exposed more forcibly than Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH the conclusive objections to the institution of two Parliaments under one Crown. When an Irish Parliament had in the last century exercised for a few years an independence only tempered with corruption, "a hideous war of races and religions closed the auspicious

"annals of the Parliament of Ireland. No statesman, hardly any sane man, could deliberately propose to repeat an experiment so terribly decisive." Whatever may be the judgment of a purely ethical theorist, politicians may perhaps be excused for thinking that demands which can be countenanced neither by statesmen nor by sane men are more inadmissible and less entitled to favourable notice than even the supposed claims of beer. The judgment on Home Rule which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH pronounces is the same which has been expressed by all the opponents of the scheme, with the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, who has not yet succeeded in understanding the meaning of the Irish agitation. All serious commentators on public affairs in Parliament and in the press have both abstained from offering unnecessary offence to Irish susceptibility and plainly declared that no argument can reconcile them to a measure which would inevitably result in the disruption of the United Kingdom. The only candidates who at the last election condescended to purchase Irish votes by distinct professions of sympathy with secession belonged to the party which, if it cannot count Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH as a member, yet enjoys an exceptional immunity from his dislike and contempt. There are some indications of a disposition on the part of the present Ministry to imitate the feeble policy suggested by their predecessors, of illusory concessions which would give Irish demagogues a new standing ground, without satisfying either their professed demands or their genuine aspirations. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH favours the establishment of local Legislatures both in Great Britain and in Ireland. His opinion, formed long ago, has been confirmed by his experience in the United States, although the composition and character of the Legislatures of Albany and other State capitals can scarcely command his respect and confidence. It is certain that any powers which might be conferred on a local Legislature for Tipperary or for Munster would be at present exclusively employed for the purpose of resisting the Imperial Government.

In England and Scotland the proposed local Legislatures would either be corporations under a new name and with somewhat enlarged powers, or they would introduce a variety of legislation which has not hitherto commended itself to the judgment of prudent politicians. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH selects as specimens of questions which might be referred to local decision "the liquor question and that of public education." Local control over the sale of liquor is merely the Permissive Bill under another name, except that the controversy would be conducted at the provincial elections, and not at meetings of ratepayers. It is or it is not right that consumers of beer should have the opportunity of satisfying their wants whether their neighbours happen to approve or to disapprove of their tastes. In this and in many other matters the national Parliament is the protector of the liberties of the subject; and there is much reason to believe that through timidity and carelessness it has of late years leaned too much to permissive, or, in other words, to local legislation. The administration of roads is in many parts of the kingdom highly unsatisfactory because the adoption of the Highway Act and the constitution of highway districts have been remitted to the caprice of local legislators. Public education is in all its details already administered by local School Boards; and the ratepayers of every parish or district can appoint a School Board at their pleasure. They may also, if they think fit, procure the organization of their districts under local Boards of Health; but it is true that the county administration is still not elective. There can be no doubt that in a short time elective county Boards will supersede the Justices, who in the mean time exercise their functions with a regard both to efficiency and to economy which is acknowledged even by those who wish to abolish their powers.

"If a rational measure of self-government would satisfy and attach to the Union a large section of the Home Rulers, this seems an additional consideration of no small moment." No single Home Ruler has hitherto professed a disposition to be satisfied with any measure of the kind, although it is true that the priests might probably be conciliated by the concession of facilities for prohibiting all Protestant education. "The subject," Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH proceeds to say, "is one especially congenial to the Liberal party, which appears destined hereafter to act as the guardian of steady and enlightened progress against an oligarchy maintaining itself in power by appeals to popular ignorance and other essentially revolutionary means." Before a popular suffrage was established, its

opponents predicted the dangers which might arise from popular ignorance. They were naturally denounced as an oligarchy, and it was true that they maintained the not untenable theory of the intrinsic right of the intelligent minority to govern. Their remonstrances were overruled when household suffrage was introduced; and now the freely chosen representatives of the many are again denounced as the oligarchy or tyrannical few. In ancient times indignation vented itself in the verse of PERSIUS and JUVENAL. It now produces equally vigorous and not less one-sided prose. To ask the suffrages of the dominant multitude is, it seems, an "essentially revolutionary" proceeding. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH perhaps thinks that he confines himself within the limits of the Constitution when he proposes that there should be only one House of Parliament, elected, not by the constituencies, but by the local Legislatures which are to be previously invented. It would be easy to point out defects in such a project if it became a practical subject of discussion. As Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's enthusiasm seldom assumes a positive or affirmative form, he may perhaps not be deeply impressed with admiration for the Metropolitan Board of Works, which is elected by the Vestries on the exact model of his ideal Parliament. It is wonderful that he should attribute to the municipal magnates whom he so scornfully denounces a capacity and a disposition to select representatives superior to the present members of the House of Commons. It is too true that, far from abolishing "a House of Commons which is founded on direct election," a benighted nation has not "even mustered courage to follow the example of all other nations by reforming her Upper Chamber." The other nations, none of which possessed an ancient House of Lords, are not specifically enumerated. There is no Upper Chamber in Spain. In France an able and thoughtful statesman is at this moment engaged in the difficult task of constructing an Upper Chamber, which may probably, if it is adopted, be as powerless as the House of Peers in the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE, or as the Senate under the two NAPOLEONS. It would be interesting to learn Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's opinion of the American Senate and Congress. Whether General BUTLER is an oligarch, and whether the Republican party maintains itself in power by revolutionary means, are questions to be considered by the implacable enemies of all English institutions.

WOMEN.

THE progress of the Woman's Suffrage movement is a curious example of the way in which certain fantastic questions occasionally obtain spurious political support and artificial importance. When they are first brought out they are regarded as mere fads, too fanciful and visionary for serious consideration, and the enthusiasts who advocate them are answered with the sort of good-humoured smile which would be bestowed on anybody who proposed a railway to the moon. Nobody imagines that the proposal has the slightest chance of being carried, or even that the promoters are themselves in earnest, and consequently nobody thinks it worth while to demolish the absurdity. The agitation, however, is persistently kept up, insinuates itself in all directions, and becomes familiar, and therefore, with very weak-minded people, half assented to. The agitators are keen and unscrupulous in their pertinacity, and are no sooner pushed aside than, with monotonous drone, they return to the attack. A bluebottle is a formidable antagonist. It looks so ridiculous to be angry with it, and to fight it seriously. So it is only flicked off from time to time as it comes too near. Its importunity is thus encouraged, and next day the tainted larder shows that the troublesome insect has not neglected its opportunities. During the last year or two the House of Commons has been suffering from an insidious nuisance of a similar kind. In public and in private, at elections and meetings, in the drawing-room, at the dinner-table, in the streets, members of Parliament have been exposed to the merciless and incessant solicitations of the Women's Rights people. To argue was hopeless. To hint a doubt of the fitness of women for the franchise was resented as an outrage on the sex and a personal insult; and most men are tender on such points. It seemed so much easier and pleasanter to offer a few unmeaning civilities and avert the storm. Unfortunately the women were in earnest, though members were not; and the members are now called upon to fulfil their smiling pledges. It is, in fact, the common history of breach of

promise. It is probable that the promoters of the Women's Suffrage Bill have formed too sanguine an estimate of the number of votes upon which they can reckon in the House of Commons; but there can be no doubt that a great many members have been rash enough to compromise themselves, and now find it difficult to explain away weak or careless undertakings. The truth is that many of them said Yes simply because they trusted to others saying No; and they are naturally dismayed to find how many others have been as insincere and pusillanimous as themselves. The question now is whether they will brazen out their folly or recant like men, and put an end at once to an absurd and vexatious agitation which, if it is allowed to continue, will worry all pleasure out of life.

There are two things which it is especially important to bear in mind in connexion with this movement, and which seem to us decisive. The first is that, whether for good or for evil, the extension of the suffrage to women would be a revolution of the gravest kind; and the other is that the proposed change is not demanded by the great body of women, who are content to be women and to discharge the special duties for which women were created, but is to be imposed upon them against their will, and very much to their injury, merely in order to please a small band of silly unmarried women and married women without children, who for various reasons, but all traceable to the same root, are very much dissatisfied that they are women. This agitation has now reached a stage at which it is as well to speak plainly. It is notorious that it is mainly and almost exclusively supported by women of the classes we have mentioned; and these women, however deserving they may be of sympathy, do not happen to be all the women in the world, nor even by any means the most important part of womankind. It is unnecessary to inquire whether women are mentally on an equality with men. There must be a great many women who are at least as fit to form a judgment on political questions as a large proportion of the actual male voters; and, in fact, it can hardly be doubted that many would be much more fit. In any case, however, to talk of the superiority or inferiority of men or women is irrational. A vine is not inferior to an oak; it is only another sort of tree. Each for its own purposes is superior to the other. There can be no doubt whatever that, in point of fact, the greatest triumphs of intellect have been accomplished by men, and that the intellectual feats of women have been, as far as the world has yet gone, rare and exceptional. But this does not necessarily imply intellectual inferiority on the part of women. It may be more simply explained by the fact that hitherto women have been otherwise engaged—and, we might add, much better engaged—and that it is impossible, for physical and other reasons, to combine different functions. The contribution of a healthy, right-minded, intelligent child to the human species is worth infinitely more to the world than all the books ever written or ever likely to be written by women.

Dr. MAUDSLEY has drawn attention to the alarm which is felt by American physicians at the apparent physical exhaustion and debasement of women in that country in consequence of over-doing the labour of the brain. Too much is probably made of this sort of exertion, and other causes may be found for the melancholy facts which are reported. The whole life of American women is, as a rule, exceedingly unwholesome; the climate also tells against them, but worst of all is the feverish excitement of unnatural public activity. Mrs. SOMERVILLE was a remarkable example of pure intellectual effort on the part of the mother of a family. She was an attentive and competent mother, and her children were as creditable to her as her books. But then she was content to lead a life which was equally compatible with calm and serious study and with the duties of a matron. No doubt there are few women who possess such powers of abstraction as Mrs. SOMERVILLE; but married women need not be afraid of injury to themselves or their children from exercising their minds in a reasonable and sober way. For certain kinds of severe and sustained study women are physically disqualified, just as they are disqualified for violent muscular exertion; but there is no reason why a highly educated and accomplished woman should not be in all respects an excellent mother. It should also be remembered that the bringing up of a child in itself, if rightly understood, involves very high intellectual qualities and discipline—much more so than writing trashy verse or indecent and ungrammatical novels. It is to be hoped, therefore, that women will not be deterred by extravagant

clamour from availing themselves of the higher education which is now opening to them. The danger lies in attempting to compete with men in the strain of public life. Nothing can be more certain than that, as Dr. MAUDSLEY says, women cannot dispense with the physiological functions of their nature, however much they may wish it, or disregard them with impunity in the labour of life. A man's work lies in the bustle and violent struggle of life; a woman's in the quietude and sanctity of home. There are plenty of men already in the world, and the addition to their ranks of a few weak feminine imitations would be a poor compensation for the loss of genuine women. The plain truth, which everybody can see who does not wilfully shut his eyes to it, is simply that men are men and women are women, that they cannot by any means—not even by an Act of Parliament—change characters, though they may change clothes; and that it is physically as well as morally impossible for women to do their duty to their children if they are to go rushing about as doctors, lawyers, or political agitators.

The reason, then, why it is not desirable that women should be invited or compelled to exert themselves in public life is not that they are intellectually inferior to men, but that they have other functions to perform which they would not perform satisfactorily if they added this other burden to their lives. Dr. LIVINGSTONE remarked in the last letter he wrote that, though some women might fancy it was very nice to vote, if they were only once laid hold of and compelled to vote they would soon be sick of it. We suspect this is already the experience of many women who are pestered and persecuted at School Board elections; and it is impossible to exaggerate the amount of exquisite torture to which a modest and sensitive woman may be subjected through the entreaties or menaces of rival canvassers. The vestry elections are quietly conducted by voting-papers; but the school elections require personal attendance, and voting-papers are obviously incompatible with the Ballot. The chief objection to calling upon women to vote is that it would be a cruel and superfluous disturbance of the repose which is essential to them. The present system is not oppression, but protection; and for the sake both of women and of society the protection ought to be continued. Besides this there can be no doubt that women voters, if only because of their inexperience and want of political training, would not be an addition to the strongest part of the constituencies. There is notoriously a vast number of persons who now vote who are utterly unfit to be voters, and whose right to the franchise can only be defended by Mr. GLADSTONE's comprehensive plea of "flesh and blood"; but that is all the more reason why, if good government is worth thinking of at all, the already too small element of political intelligence should not be further diluted. It is also necessary to bear in mind what is the ultimate object of this agitation. A very sensible lady informed Mr. JACOB BRIGHT that she thought it would be time enough to think of her rights when she had discovered her wrongs; but the scarcely disguised design of the Women's Suffrage people is to use their political power in order to persuade all women that they are deeply injured, and that they will never be free or happy until they have emancipated themselves from the degrading yoke of legal marriage. The plan is to convert husband and wife into a sort of limited liability company, with separate shares in the business, and perfect liberty to break up the concern at any moment and try their luck in some more hopeful partnership. In effect, therefore, the proposal is to alter the Constitution in order to abolish the restraints of marriage for the convenience of women who are on bad terms with their husbands. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the scheme is that this object is to be accomplished by men voluntarily placing themselves under an artificial pressure, which is to compel them to do something which at present they are supposed to be very much disinclined to do. Conservative principles have at different times received some amazing interpretations, but that a Conservative Ministry should be found to give countenance to such a project as this is surely incredible.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON PROPHECY-MONGERS.

MR. ARNOLD has lately said that the old popular religion of Christendom is so vast that "in the repertory of its history you may find almost anything; a good for every bad, the condemnation of every folly and crime which it has itself committed." Protestants

usually know only the faults of Catholicism, and think books which aim at showing that it is not entirely made up of faults either dull or dangerous. "The Catholic's attachment to his religion is bred of all the mildness and wisdom which are there also, though we do not see them, and a successful management of him can never be dictated by Protestant antipathy which will know nothing of them." A Roman Catholic might fairly quote the letter upon prophecies which the Bishop of ORLEANS has addressed to the clergy of his diocese as an instance of the hard measure which Protestants habitually deal out to his creed. The Roman Catholic Church is commonly represented as a dealer in lying wonders of all kinds. Pretended miracles and pretended prophecies are her regular stock-in-trade. Truth, honesty, and common sense are exclusively Protestant virtues. Even the few Roman Catholics who would like to practise them if they dared are afraid of provoking their spiritual superiors by the display of characteristics so opposed to all that is in favour in high places. The controversialist who maintains that Roman Catholicism has produced a great number of manufactured prophecies will have no difficulty in proving his case. There is no need for him to ransack the past for a supply of instances; he may find them in abundance all around him. In France at this moment the Bishop of ORLEANS declares that they constitute the daily reading of many pious souls. Fresh predictions are constantly being issued, and before one is discredited or forgotten another is ready to take its place. It is not easy to speak too strongly in condemnation of this sort of literature. Its offences against taste and against charity are equally conspicuous. Indeed it is hard to determine whether the folly which can believe that a certain French lady has really seen ANTICHRIST in the shape of a handsome boy of ten or eleven years of age, and that the sign by which she was to recognize the revelation was his being taken with a violent pain in the stomach at the sight of her, or the bigotry which can identify with ANTICHRIST the theological or political opponents of the prophecy-monger for the time being, is most alien from the Christian temper. But in neither of these respects has Protestantism—at all events, English Protestantism—many stones to throw at Catholicism.

It would be easy to cap every absurdity that can be extracted from a French colporteur's wallet by an equally extravagant quotation from Dr. CUMMING. The belief that the ALMIGHTY has specially revealed the future to some anonymous Frenchman is not a whit more absurd than the belief that the true interpretation of the Apocalypse can only be learned by application at Crown Court. And in the matter of charity the French examples would probably have the advantage. The Catholic who identifies ANTICHRIST with the Commune can at least point to the murder of the hostages by way of illustration of the fate which he has to expect if his enemies get the upper hand. Genuine and not groundless alarm goes some way to palliate violent language. But Dr. CUMMING cannot even plead that he is afraid of the POPE. On his own showing the reign of Roman Catholicism is drawing near its close, and now that it has lost its power of hurting its enemies, they have the less excuse for omitting to consider whether after all it is quite so black as they have been accustomed to paint it. Since the publication of the Bishop of ORLEANS's letter a Roman Catholic may claim that his Church has the superiority in another respect. Dr. CUMMING has been vending his own prophecies, or puffing other people's, for years, and doing his best all that time to set his countrymen by the ears. His blunders and his presumption have been exposed often enough; but we do not remember that an Anglican bishop has ever thought it worth while to warn his clergy against writings which, contemptible as they are, are yet sufficiently popular with certain foolish clergymen to be capable of doing a good deal of mischief. In my Church, the Roman Catholic may say, many foolish things are permitted so long as they do not do any conspicuous harm; but when they threaten to become a nuisance, some one in authority is found to tell Catholics what they are really worth, and to warn them against the evils of credulity. Do Protestant ecclesiastics show equal watchfulness when prophecy is made to minister to all the worst passions which fanatics can stir up? It is as well that the question is an imaginary one, for we fear that it must be answered negatively.

The popularity of prophecy-mongers in France is at once a symptom of an unhappy state of society and is one of the causes by which that state of society is produced. It shows, in the first place, how completely

unsettled men's minds are; it shows, in the next place, why it is that they are so unsettled. The Bishop of ORLEANS tells us that 50,000 copies of one single prophecy have been sold, and had not the author, by fixing the date at which it was to be fulfilled as early as the 17th of February, 1874, necessarily put a limit to its success, it might have been in circulation still. Men are sometimes eager to read the future for themselves, but they are rarely eager to read it for their country unless their fears or their passions are very strongly excited. In this case they must have persuaded themselves that the condition of France is such that only some special interposition of Providence can save her from destruction. If they were Turks, they would resign themselves to despair. As they are Frenchmen, they prefer to believe that there is a miracle in store for them, and that the darker the prospect grows the nearer is the hour of deliverance. Political action has no charm for minds thus deluded. They have ceased to reduce their hopes within the ordinary bounds of possibility. The objects they keep in view are not such as may be attained by labour and energy and steadfast resistance to discouragement; they are such as an imagination influenced by religious excitement succeeds in painting. It is no wonder, therefore, that so much political apathy is still to be found in France. Part at least of the description which the Bishop of ORLEANS gives of the believers of sham prophecies is true in its degree of the believers in sham remedies of all kinds, from the Duke of BROGLIE downwards. There are some, he says, who, instead of fighting like men, fold their arms and expect a miracle to be worked in their behalf. There are others who go on adding fault to fault, and tranquilly cast themselves down from the roof of the temple as though they had an angel ready to receive them in his arms. There are others again who profess themselves intimately acquainted with the purposes of Providence for the Church and for France, and alternately announce victory or ruin, and sometimes victory or ruin by this or that man, by this or that means, and by this or that day. The present Government may be acquitted of any desire to fold its arms. Of that mistake, at all events, the Duke of BROGLIE has not been guilty. But the tranquil adding of fault to fault precisely describes the course of the Administration since the 24th of May, and the Second Chamber, which seems the best apology for an angel that it can command, is not likely to do much to break the force of its fall. If the Right are not all believers in prophecies, they are at any rate as determined as the most credulous country girl to place all their hopes upon the advent of a particular Sovereign and a particular policy. This very vacation has been devoted to fresh schemes for the restoration of HENRY V., and all the proofs which have been given to them of the hopeless unpopularity into which Legitimist Royalty has fallen in the country seem to have done nothing towards opening their eyes. Probably the Bishop of ORLEANS did not intend his counsels to apply to politicians; but to those who look at French affairs more impartially than is possible perhaps for a French ecclesiastic, they seem exactly suited to the extreme Conservatives. It is not our business, he says, to prescribe to God by what means He shall save us. Our business is to employ all our energy and all our prudence in saving ourselves. True prophecy consists in resigning ourselves to the will of God and in doing the best we can. It is this art of making the best of things that is so wanting to the Conservatives of the French Assembly. Each has his private panacea for the miseries of France, and, rather than see those miseries healed by any other medicine, he prefers to see the patient go on suffering. The Legitimist insists upon the restoration of the Count of CHAMBORD with a charter vouchsafed by the KING. The Orleanist insists upon the restoration of the Count of CHAMBORD with a charter imposed by the Legislature. The Ministry insist upon the maintenance of the Septennate. Not one of them will admit that what the country demands is something different from all three, and that in taking what the country demands into consideration lies the sole hope of setting up a stable Government. The dreamers whom the Bishop of ORLEANS denounces are hardly more irrational than the politicians who now control the fortunes of France.

PARLIAMENT AND THE HOUSES OF THE POOR.

THE Memorial from the College of Physicians has at all events given rise to discussion. Mr. BOSANQUET has again gone over the ground which was so carefully worked by the Charity Organization Committee last year. Sir

SYDNEY WATERLOW has given the experience of actual builders of a better class of houses in London. Mr. SIMPSON has narrated what has already been effected in the same direction in Glasgow. If there is nothing new in the facts and conclusions thus established, there is much that is as good as new. So long as the flagrant evils of the present state of things are allowed to continue, and in many cases to increase and multiply, the public must put up with the annoyance of hearing the same thing over and over again. Until a remedy has been actually taken the doctor must go on prescribing it.

Mr. BOSANQUET's letter shows very clearly the difficulties of dealing with the subject by private enterprise acting alone. The sites on which it is most necessary that proper houses should be built are already covered with rent-producing buildings, and they are consequently expensive to buy. A Railway Company is not troubled by this circumstance, because it looks to recouping itself for the necessary outlay out of the increased traffic which is expected to accrue from a new line or an improved station. Persons interested in the construction of a new street, which is to be lined on both sides by spacious shops or lofty warehouses, are not deterred by it, because they know that vast rents will be paid for the accommodation thus provided. But the builder who proposes to build houses for the working classes is in a different position. If he buys the land dear he must charge proportionably high rents, and he has no guarantee that the class to which he looks for tenants will be willing to pay these rents. If he disregards this uncertainty, it is quite possible that the immediate result of his enterprise may be to make the overcrowding in the immediate neighbourhood worse than before. The tenants displaced by the new buildings will have packed themselves closer than ever, while the new buildings themselves stand empty because no one can or will afford to occupy them. Even if the intending builder is not frightened by the cost, and intends to content himself with smaller profits rather than fix his rents above the level which rules in the district, other difficulties remain. He will "probably" find that the property is in several hands, and that the "several possessors again have only short leases or other "limited interests, while one may be a minor or trustee and "therefore unable to sell." This is a state of things which would defeat even a Railway Company if it had to contend against it without the aid of Parliament. But a Railway Company never finds itself in this condition. It has no difficulty in obtaining Parliamentary powers to facilitate purchase. The enterprise which proposes to turn out the tenants and do no more has the Legislature at its back; the enterprise which proposes to turn out the tenants and house them after a more decent fashion has not the Legislature at its back. This one fact goes far to account for the increasing overcrowding in London. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW tells precisely the same story. There is no difficulty in finding money for as many new buildings as are wanted. "But we are "working," he says, "with our hands tied; we cannot "obtain possession of the fever dens in our narrow courts "and alleys, and are practically unable to secure suitable "sites in the required localities."

The result of all this is that the existing houses remain, because the cost and difficulty of obtaining the ground on which they stand keeps off those who would like to replace them by others better fitted for human habitation. The next thing to consider is whether anything can be done to mend these existing houses. Upon this point, as regards London, there are three things to be said. First, the sanitary law as it stands provides no adequate powers of dealing with unwholesome houses. Under certain circumstances houses can be condemned and pulled down; but, as Mr. BOSANQUET says, public opinion will hardly allow private property to be destroyed without compensation, "unless there has been very gross neglect on the part of "the owner." Now where the sanitary average is very low it is not easy to establish a case of gross neglect. Secondly, there is no adequate authority to exercise such powers as are provided. A letter from Whitechapel in Thursday's *Times* supplies an instance of this. In a certain court the houses are built on each side of a footway ten feet wide. They are four stories high, with one room from ten to twelve feet square and eight feet high on each floor. In one of these houses "the rooms are "thus occupied. On the ground floor live a man, his wife, "and three children; in the first floor room a man, his

"wife, a son and daughter over fourteen years of age, and "four children; in the second floor a man, his wife, and "two grown-up nephews; in the top attic two old women." After this it is not surprising to learn that four ratepayers have petitioned, and that the medical officer has condemned the houses. But it is surprising to be told further that no action has been or is likely to be taken in the matter. Or rather it would be surprising to hear this if we did not know how London is governed. The sanitary authority upon whom devolves the exercise of the powers for dealing with this class of cases is unfortunately the Whitechapel Vestry. It is quite possible that the owner of these houses is himself a member of the Vestry, or if he is not, he may have friends in it. Even if he has not, his interests are certain not to be neglected, for a majority of the members are probably owners of houses not very much better than his, and they are naturally afraid to start a precedent which may some day be used against themselves. In the districts where the need for improvement is greatest, the aristocracy so to say of the ratepayers will usually be owners of house property, and the class against which the Vestry is called upon to act is consequently the very class by which it is mainly elected, and of which it is mainly composed. Thirdly, the existing houses are in many cases beyond the reach of improvement. They were built at a time when there was scarcely any sanitary legislation, and when a back-yard at all more spacious than ordinary was considered a very suitable site for a new pile of houses. They cannot be made light, they cannot be made airy, they cannot be made wholesome. There is nothing to be done with them except to pull them down, and replace them by better houses, and this one cure is, as has been seen, a cure which it is impossible to apply.

In Glasgow and Edinburgh something has already been done towards introducing a better state of things. Under the Glasgow Improvement Act of 1866 the authorities are empowered to take possession of any property they may require, upon paying to the owner an amount decided by arbitration. The knowledge that this power exists in the background has disposed owners of house property to offer their lands on reasonable terms, and Mr. SIMPSON says that the greater portion of the property taken has been acquired by private bargain. In Glasgow, owing to the height of the houses, the population is very much denser than in London, so that it has rarely been possible to house all the dispossessed tenants on the original site. The authorities have therefore bought land in the suburbs and resold it to persons willing to build suitable houses on it. In London many more tenants than are dispossessed could usually be housed on the original site. The Metropolitan Association for Improving Dwellings state, according to Mr. BOSANQUET, that "while "the population in Westminster, the most densely populated part of the metropolis, is only 235 persons to the "acre," they can house 1,000 persons to the acre, "including in the area the large courtyards and gardens attached" to their blocks. Thus the necessary displacement in London would be much less than in Glasgow, a consideration of great importance when the immense size of London, and the consequent distance of one part from another, are taken into account. We are tempted to say that the first condition of improvement in the houses of the poor, as it is of so many other improvements in London, is the creation of a more vigorous authority. So long as London is split up into parishes, each governed by an independent Vestry, there can be no united action, and no escape from narrow local interests. In the interval before this blessing is vouchsafed to Londoners the City Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works are the persons to whom the necessary powers can best be entrusted. But it should be made clear at starting that they hold these powers only provisionally, and whenever they make way for an efficient sanitary board, the powers relating to houses will naturally be transferred to the new authority. The experience of the great Scotch cities ought to make the drafting of such an Act of Parliament not a very difficult process. Whether this change standing alone would meet all the necessities of the case is another question. In our judgment it would not do so. It is a great gain no doubt to get unwholesome houses destroyed, and free room left for private enterprise to build better ones. But there would remain many houses which for one reason or another it would not be expedient to pull

down, and many others which, although newly built, would, either in the first instance or after a very short interval, be little better as regards sanitary arrangements than those which had been got rid of. The only means by which this difficulty can be met is that legislative recognition of an obligation on the part of the owner not to vend an unwholesome dwelling on which we insisted last week.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE FAMINE.

SHOULD no fresh or unforeseen reverses occur, there is reason to hope that the area of the famine may be limited to not more than four large districts. By the aid of Parliamentary papers and by weekly reports of Special Correspondents, the British public is already familiarized with their situation, character, and climate, and with some of their principal marts and towns. Durbhunga, Motihari, and Soopole bid fair to become as widely known as Amoaful and Coomassie. The Gunduk and the Kosai rivers have already taken precedence of the Prah. It appears to us, then, that the time has arrived for a survey of the questions which Indian administrators will have to grapple with during the next six months, and for an estimate of the impending difficulties which it will tax all their vigilance, energy, fecundity of resource, and knowledge of the people, to stem or surmount.

The famine tract is a huge, fruitful, and populous plain, bounded on the north by Nepal, the Himalayas, and the Morung; on the west by two districts of the North-West provinces; and on the south by the river Ganges. On the east it runs into the Bengal districts of Purneah and Dinagepore, where the vernacular of the people changes from Urdu to Bengali, and where, as elsewhere at present, there is ground for thinking that the calamity may be kept within the limits of high prices and scanty fare. A big volume of more than four hundred pages, recently published on the Indian Census taken in 1871, gives ample details as to the number, habits, and castes of the population of Bengal, of Behar, and Orissa. No very great addition to these numbers can since have been made. We may assume that the total registered by the enumerators three years ago corresponds practically to those for whose supply and comfort the Government is responsible between the present date and September. To understand this crisis, let us look at the figures. The whole population of Tirhoot is 4,384,000; in Champaran it is 1,440,800; in Sarun or Chuprah, 2,060,000; and in Bhagalpore, 1,826,000. We might add two adjacent districts, Purneah and Monghyr, the former with 1,700,000 and the latter with 1,800,000 souls. But, taking the first four only, we may fairly say that nearly ten millions of human beings are in some way or other affected by high prices, or by the sufferings of others which react on themselves, or by some one kind of privation extending from curtailment of petty comforts down to positive destitution. We are thus dealing with numbers two millions in excess of the population of Ireland and Scotland combined. The statistics of the Census, full as they are of interesting and minute particulars, are too detailed to be analysed here. But we gather from them that Hindus, entirely dependent for subsistence on agriculture, pasture, or labour, number more than one and a half million in Tirhoot alone. In the other three districts the proportions to the same totals do not vary very much. And this enumeration takes no account of Mahomedans, many of whom are attached to the land just as much as Hindus. In Tirhoot the Mussulmans exceed half a million. Then we have large guilds of artisans and weavers, thousands of boatmen plying on the great rivers, vagabonds and beggars, men who supply cooked food, petty traders, and Hindus of high caste but of limited means. To animate, direct, and look after these masses we find a number of persons of European or Eurasian birth and parentage, which, in these same four districts, does not reach to six hundred. Now we have heard a good deal about Tirhoot and Sarun being "studded with factories," and one well-informed journal has gravely compared the first district to Hampshire, for the number of its English villas and houses. The above returns include all Englishmen, officials and unofficials, and, in this one point, are absolutely unimpeachable. We are at liberty to assume that the deputation of overseers and assistant "famine commissioners" may have swelled the proportion of the European to the native element. But a calculation would be excessive which would set down the total of white faces in Tirhoot, Sarun, and Champaran at one thousand. Even then there would be something like one hundred and fifty men of active habits, indomitable energy, and unassailable integrity to guide and control each million of people. Readers should be cautious how they henceforth put trust in reckless and ridiculous word-painting, which would lead a traveller to expect a thatched bungalow with green venetians or a two-storied house in every large cluster of villages or at every third or fourth mile. The famine is, in fact, the Indian mutiny in another form. Close to swarms of natives, pinched by scarcity and blank with deferred hope, we have a few scores of Englishmen to do the whole work of conception, encouragement, execution, and check. Only a great crisis of peace or war brings home to the English mind the extravagant disparity between means and ends; between the vast plains where a century of peace and prosperity has given its man to every rood of ground, and the eighty or hundred "concerns," "factories," or "cutcherries," at each of which a man with a pith hat, an alpaca coat, and a hunting-spear is the representative of a capacity for

rule which no native at this moment is likely to challenge. It is very easy to talk of drafting young subalterns, more overseers, and extra civilians for the work. They are not to be had. Anglo-Indians may more than ever quote what an acute native once said to an Englishman of high rank:—"If each of my countrymen would only throw a clod at you, the white faces would very soon be buried, out of sight, under a mound of earth."

To the difficulty of adequate supervision we must add the peculiar way in which the native population is distributed. If an Indian district were like a part of Ireland or Scotland, where extensive tracts are sparsely populated and masses are hived in marts and towns, the task would be easier. But, with the exception of the tract bordering on Nepal, Sarun and Tirhoot present two features; plains from half-a-mile to three or four in width lined by villages where the people but themselves separately in orchards and breadths of foliage. Here and there are continuous lines of houses making up a "bazaar." But Tirhoot has no town with 50,000 souls, and only six with more than 5,000. Chuprah or Sarun has three, Chumparun and Purneah have two, and Monghyr seven, which exceed that standard so cherished by electoral reformers. Then Tirhoot has 2,000 villages, each with less than 200 persons, 2,485 with between 200 and 500, 1,688 with between 500 and 1,000, and 883 with between 1,000 and 2,000. We might analyse other districts with like results. Let readers reflect what it must be to deal with a calamity affecting hundreds of thousands, and even millions, so spread over the land. The 4,000,000 of Tirhoot cover more than 6,000 square miles; its villages and townships are 7,337; the number of its houses 642,000; and the average of the houses to the square mile is nearly 600, and of persons nearly 700.

The transit operations have been graphically described, and all we need say is that the roads are fair-weather roads, without up and downs, and that the few streams and rivers, where unbridged, must be some source of delay. It is also tolerably clear that the Government, in spite of all the lavish expenditure on food grains, was behindhand in forwarding its purchases to their destination. The famine came on with the bound of a tiger, or, as it has been aptly said, the rush of the tidal wave in the Severn or the Hooghly. But Government cannot, in a few weeks or months, convert what Indian officers term *kutchas* or unmetalled tracks into *puckas* or macadamized roads. In Bengal proper bricks must be burnt out of clay to make roads that will stand any wear and tear at Head Stations, subdivisions, or for railway feeders. In Behar there are found thin veins of nodular gravel termed *kunkur*. Granite is only to be had near the hills. The inland exports and imports have hitherto easily traversed these earthen roads by carts numbering scores and hundreds. It is no wonder that there may be delay and hindrance where the convoys swell to thousands and ten of thousands. But we cannot have roads everywhere in India without additional taxation, and we know now what this means.

Let us, however, assume that more grain than the public knows of has been brought up; that contractors have not failed; and that the Government granaries are full to overflowing. There will still remain the duties of safe keeping and regular distribution. Even the mere custody of such masses is no light task. We may discard all notion of filling pits with rice in a climate like Tirhoot, only less damp than Bengal, and with the rains in prospect. Stores must be guarded against open robbery and secret malversation, against mildew and damp, against armies of weevils and destructive insects, and against risks of fire. Blazing telegrams have already warned us of this new havoc; civil magistrates of all grades well know how their court-houses are emptied by an announcement that the "Sudder Bazaar" has caught fire, or that a big mart, famed for salt and sugar, is blazing like the Panteuchion. Under the fierce sun of March, April, and May, the thatched or untiled roofs become tinder-boxes. Natives are reckless and perverse in their domestic arrangements. At one place an old woman empties the hot ashes of her pipe on a pile of loose straw. At another, a wayworn traveller has extemporized a cooking-place on the spot best calculated for a roaring hot wind to scatter the sparks on the houses to leeward. At a third, arson is popularly ascribed to a class of men who live by running up houses of rushes and matting when required, and who in idle times resort to this simple expedient for creating a market for their labour. But in times of plenty it is a matter of comparatively small moment for a magistrate to report to his Commissioner that, on a May morning, one half of Ramnuggur, or the whole of Ramonhaut, was burnt to the ground. He learns that no lives were lost, and he is aware that the houses will all be rebuilt with the rapidity of Chicago. But let us conceive, at present, the dismay of a hard-worked official at an announcement that Lalgunge, Durbhunga, or Madhobani, had been reduced to ashes with all their precious stores. Whenever the likelihood of fires may be diminished by the rains, trials of another kind will come on. After the second week in June, the indigenous bullock-cart, which now does its twelve miles a day, will not do four, or may stick altogether. The Ganges will rise, and the dry watercourses will run level with their banks; and, so far, the storage at centres and subdivisions will be facilitated. But the difficulty of going round to the smaller circles will be intensified. If it is now hard to get tons from Patna on the river-bank to Northern Champaran, it will then be harder to send a few bags from one village tenanted by exclusive Brahmins and lazy Rajpoots to another three miles off which is a refuge for low caste Chamars, Doms, and Dosadhs. The trials of the "famine walla" will begin just where those of the transporting officer end.

Large warehouses of masonry being almost unknown, provisions must be stored in temporary structures, inflammable, penetrable by wet and damp, and easily entered by prowlers and thieves. If the store escapes fire, and if it has been well guarded against plunderers, it may soon have to be carried into hundreds and thousands of villages, accessible only by miry paths two feet broad, or over plains inches deep in water, but not flooded enough even for a light skiff to navigate.

But the climate, with its alternations of furnace heat and steamy exhalation, and the physical aspect of the country, create obstacles that might be got over if we could extemporize probity like a tramway, or if we could arouse a national feeling. In England we scarcely require to be told that the presence of a great calamity levels all distinctions. Political and religious differences would be at an end if half London had been burnt down, if a pestilence swept the country north of the Humber, if a foreign fleet were cruising in the Channel, if an invader were about to descend on the North Foreland. We do not mean to say that native gentlemen like the Maharajas of Burdwan and Bettia, that some landholders much below them in rank and wealth, that substantial middlemen, that prosperous traders and bankers, will never set a good example of public spirit and generosity. Some will join relief committees and help with money and suggestions; others will open private cooking shops, where Brahmins, whose manipulation makes edibles pure, will serve out meals for which sturdy beggars will compete against the aged and helpless. But, as a rule, the exclusiveness of caste will be more sharply defined than ever. The instinct of self-preservation, the strong love of family and kin, the contemptuous indifference to others in which each caste shrouds itself, the reckless pursuit of small gains, the lofty disregard of vicarious suffering, will exasperate Englishmen bent on saving lives. Would any Indian official of a couple of years' experience trust a Lalla without supervision to distribute rations to a lot of starving Nepaul Paharries, or depute a sleek Bunniah to report on the village blacksmith and carpenter, or even depend on Mussulmans of pure Moghul descent for looking after those sections of their race and creed known as Sheikhs and Sayyuds, not to speak of others lower still who perform the rites of circumcision and the duties of midwifery? Prejudices and feelings engraven on the very heart of native society are not likely to disappear when the first precept in the Hindu catechism—the care of family and poor relations—has every additional sanction to enforce it. Then to the selfishness whether of the caste or of the household must be added the ineradicable love of lucre. No consideration will prevent a Hindu from turning the calamities of a whole country to his own profit. Already we have learnt that private trade has been turned into a new channel by public benevolence. Government invited dealers to import grain by rail into the distressed districts at half-rates, the other half being paid to the Railway Company from the Exchequer. The up-country traders lately took advantage of this proviso to bring down produce into Tirhoot on easy terms, and were then detected exporting it as fast as possible to marts where there was no distress, but higher prices. Where there is no public opinion there can be no public indignation, and no shame to follow on exposure or detection. Indeed it will be very odd if the Behar famine does not familiarize Englishmen with some of the ingenious devices by which the best intentions of Indian legislators and statesmen are perpetually baffled and thwarted. In ordinary times, the worst results of native apathy, untrustworthiness, and greed are local or departmental. A good law is set at naught. A measure intended to reform and purify generates a new species of corruption. Social indifference evades a just tax or neglects an imperative duty. Considerable sums of money stick to the palms of those who collect it. Respectable men bring all their acute invention to the task of throwing a judicial investigation on the wrong scent. An active police officer, engaged in tracking the perpetrator of some revolting crime, receives about as much aid from his countrymen as an attorney with a writ would do in the wilds of Connemara. A house catches fire, or a boat is upset on the Ganges, and hundreds of spectators look on imperturbably, without moving a limb to save. National character, quiescent where it ought to be active, and energetic in the wrong place, has often ere now aroused the honest indignation of many an English philanthropist. And even Special Correspondents, with two months' experience of the natives, have begun to discern that what in other seasons would merely be obstruction to a department, or tacit opposition to laws and taxes, now may mean death.

Nothing is further from our intention than to avert sympathy from the native sufferers, or criticism from the Englishmen who are charged with upholding the high character of their Government. We have still six dreary months during which we shall be fortunate if matters are not seriously worse. Fresh difficulties must start up, and one cannot be far off. With the periodical rains, come they early or late, the necessity for active agricultural operations will be imperative. We will not speculate on the awful consequences if Behar, for a second year in succession, were deprived of its fertilizing deluge. The rainy season, or the important part of it, could not be again cut out of the year without bringing about a state of things unknown to history and beyond the power of any Government. Neither the despotism of Russia, nor the centralization of France, nor the benevolence of England, could cope with it. But, granting that the due rotation of the seasons is not again interrupted, the work of ploughing, of sowing, of harrowing, of weeding, of banking up the water where it is needed, and of letting it run off where it is not,

will have to be got over. Many, if not all, of those who crowd to the relief works must furnish sinews and hands for the task. We need hardly say that a worn, weak, and disheartened peasantry cannot be dispersed over thousands of acres to prepare sandy loam or stiff clay for the crops, without much misgiving as to the result. Doubtless the agricultural implements are simple, and the labour is often intermittent. The Gangetic plough can be carried over the shoulder, and the harrow is a many-pronged rake, or a small ladder, which is drawn by two bullocks to smooth or pulverize the clods. A Norfolk labourer would smile at the series of scratches which in the East do duty for furrows. But the ground has to be gone over half-a-dozen times; the results are surprising; the crops luxuriant and magnificent. If we are again to have abundance, the tenant-proprietors and the labouring castes must not merely be kept alive. They must be fed up to the standard of rural activity.

We have said nothing about the risk of epidemics. Wherever numbers of Hindus congregate, at the great fair of Hurdwar, at the shrines of Gya, round the car of Jagannath on the sands of Pooree, there is always a fear of cholera. A low state of body predisposes to fever, and bowel complaints would be more frequent if the scanty cereal resources of the country were augmented by an abundant crop of mangoes and other fruits. But we have only a choice of evils. If we mass the population together, we can at least send medical skill to control an outburst of sickness. If we dismiss them to their villages, there is an end of minute regular inspection and supervised relief. Moreover, the indigent and suffering can be housed and fed at large Basmars, Hauts, and Gunges, and at such places it is far easier to arrange for hospitals, poor-houses, big kitchens, orphan refuges, and other palliatives. Nor must we forget that English agents are few, and, however willing they may be to brave hot winds and tropical rains, they must direct operations from some head-quarters of their own.

The public has very quickly taken in one plain and simple fact about this Behar famine. Our dark-coloured fellow-subjects must be kept alive, if possible, by any expenditure of money, labour, forethought, and sagacity. This is a feeling noble and admirable in itself, on the part of a community in which nine out of ten persons might be puzzled to say who abolished Suttee, what the Perpetual Settlement means, and whether the Terai is a potentate, a custom, or a place. But it is not equally easy to apprehend all the inherent obstacles to success in a death-grapple with this new invader. A short time ago the leading journal was pleased to denounce as "impertinent" any comparison with the circumstances of the Irish famine of 1847. No doubt it would be very wrong for Lord Northbrook, his Council and Lieutenants, quietly to sit down and plead the deaths of Irishmen a quarter of a century ago as an excuse for doing little, or for not doing enough, to save the inhabitants of Tirhoot. But if the prejudices, the failings, the superstitions of Celts reappear in Hindus and Aryans with every monstrous exaggeration; if there is some slight analogy between a small island dependent on the potato and a large kingdom dependent on rice; if in 1847 bakers' shops were plundered, horses were shot, and roads were broken up in order to prevent the removal of provisions; if these things were perpetrated in spite of English vigilance and honesty; if, besides deaths at the relief works, no less than nine thousand Irish emigrants to Canada died on their passage, in quarantine, or in the Marine Hospital; if everything in India is on a more gigantic scale than in Ireland, the areas larger, the communications more imperfect, the climate more pernicious, the people more numerous, more helpless, and more impracticable—then it is surely neither "impertinent" nor unfair to take these facts into consideration when arraigning the administration or pronouncing a national verdict on the conduct of the Viceroy of India. By all means let the famine be uppermost in our minds, and let it fill the void created in conversation by the loss of the Claimant. Let every official in the afflicted districts know that what he does or does not may be telegraphed bluntly to the *Times* in twenty-four hours, and that his letters and his instructions, his morning and evening drives, his casual remarks, and the apparent nonchalance of his wife or sister, will all supply matter for a despatch which he cannot see for six weeks. Let censure fall on all who deserve it, from the statesman at the head of the Empire if he spares his Exchequer when lives are at stake, down to the helpless deputy magistrate whom even Sir Richard Temple's miraculous activity cannot galvanize into a spasmodic use of his faculties of body and mind. In this paper we have endeavoured to show that it is not equitable to pronounce a judgment on one great fact, without making due allowance for at least a dozen others. The difficulties which we have merely sketched, arising from climate, country, character, some of which, like the trees Macaulay wrote about, are older than the Mogul Empire, are well known to all administrators, and must be sternly met. They would equally exist in India if every relief committee were composed of Special Correspondents, with a Bishop or the President of a Scotch Chamber of Commerce for their chairman. And they must not be kept out of sight here by writers who do not suffer much inconvenience from facts, who at intervals deviate into candour, and who deliberately set themselves to write down the Government and to write up the Famine.

THE TABARD.

THE latest historical event mentioned in the *Canterbury Tales* is the death of Bernabo Visconti, Duke of Milan, which happened in the year 1385. It may, therefore, be supposed that Chaucer sent forth his pilgrims from the Tabard in Southwark about the year 1387. Between that time and the present, though the name of the inn was changed midway, it has stood on the old foundation, perhaps with some remains of the old walls, and the same general aspect, until our own days. Whatever changes the modern spirit of destruction may effect, its old name will not be forgotten, and when every semblance of the old place is gone, there will always be some, whether from New England or New Zealand, looking for the site. That exact site, and the identity of the Tabard with the Talbot, cannot be doubted. In the glossary to his second edition of Chaucer's works, printed in 1602, Speght tells us that Chaucer's Tabard had been then newly repaired and increased with convenient rooms by Master J. Preston. In the last edition which goes by his name—the last of the black-letter editions, published in the year 1687, long after his death—the same note is copied in the past tense, with these words added:—"It is now the sign of the Talbot." As early as 1637 it had been known by either name. Taylor, the Water Poet, says in his *Carriers' Cosmographie*, printed in that year, "The Carriers from Cranbrook and Beveden in Kent, and from Lewes Petworth Uckfield and Cuckfield in Sussex, lodge at the Tabard or Talbot in Southwark." In the year 1670, as appears from Bedloe's *Narrative of the Popish Plot*, the old name was forgotten. The change in the sign argues ignorance of the poet, or at least indifference about him; and there are, in fact, certain evidences that between the years 1602 and 1687 Chaucer was held in less esteem than at any other time since his death. Within that term of eighty-five years not one edition of his works was published, nor any single work, excepting Sir Francis Kynaston's clever translation (1625) into Latin rhyme of the first and second of the five books of *Troilus and Creseide*, and the tales of the Canon's Yeoman (1652) and of the Miller and the Wife of Bath (1665). But in the seventy-two years immediately preceding there had been eight editions of the entire works; and in the fifty-five years next before those seventy-two a still greater number of editions of the *Canterbury Tales* and of some of the other poems. Notwithstanding Milton's praise, it was not likely that Chaucer would meet with general acceptance among the Puritans; he was too homely for courtiers nurtured in France; and his old-fashioned poetry, to use Isaak Walton's phrase, did not commend itself to the followers of the metaphysical poets. The selection of the three tales that were published does not indicate any sense of his rare endowments. The Yeoman's Tale was a warning against empirics, while the Miller's Tale and the Wife of Bath's prologue might find favour in the Court of Charles II. for qualities not honourable to the poet. Afterwards he was more widely known by the imitations of Dryden and Pope, and, later still, by Tyrwhitt's edition of the *Canterbury Tales*.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century something of the history of the old inn is to be gathered, where it might have been little expected, from the narratives of Dr. Titus Oates and Captain William Bedloe, published in the year 1679. Oates had sworn in the 34th Article of his Information that Richard Strange, the last Provincial of the Jesuits, with some others of the Order, a Dominican friar and fifty or sixty Irishmen, had burned down London in the year 1666, and during the fire the Jesuits had got one hundred and forty thousand pounds by plunder. In Article 49 he swore that ten years after the fire of London, John Groves, with three Irishmen provided by a Dr. Fogarthy, had burned down a great part of Southwark, having received for the work a thousand pounds from the Jesuits, who gained by plunder at least double that sum. There had, in truth, been not one only, but two, fires in Southwark since the Fire of London. Bedloe took the 34th and 49th Articles of Oates's Information for the text of his narrative. As the Doctor had appropriated the fable of a design against the King's life, the Captain unfolded a plot to destroy London and Westminster by fire, protesting in his title-page that he was "one of the Popish Committee engaged in that horrid design." A few truths mixed with falsehood may be gathered from a wilderness of downright lies. In 1670, the name of the Tabard, supplanted by the new sign the Talbot, was forgotten. On the 25th of July in that year, Mrs. Atkins, the daughter of a gentlewoman who kept the inn, saw a Popish priest or proselyte lurking about the door. In the same night three dwelling-houses and a washhouse, part of the Talbot, were burned down; three persons perished, and six or seven were hurt in the fire. Six years afterwards, on the 26th of May, 1676, and, according to Bedloe's legend, by the contrivance of John Groves and Dr. Fogarthy's three Irishmen, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Welsh, an oilman, between the George and the Talbot inns, and consumed more than five hundred houses and many stately inns of the value of between eighty and a hundred thousand pounds. It does not appear from Bedloe, nor does it seem absolutely certain from a paper by Mr. Corner on the Ancient Inns of Southwark, in the Collections of the Surrey Archaeological Society, that the Talbot was one of the inns burned down. The fact might probably be ascertained from the Record, preserved in the Guildhall of London, of the Proceedings of Commissioners appointed by Parliament to determine differences between landlords and tenants of the houses destroyed.

As the inn has changed its sign, so also the meaning of the old name has been changed. We learn from Chaucer, and Froissart, and the authors of the *Plowman's Tale* and the *Assembly of Ladies*, and Skelton, and Du Cange, and Junius, and Hearne, and Wood, that the tabard was a cloak or overcoat common to men of all conditions, nobles and knights, clergy, poor scholars, and ploughmen. Holinshed says that Caesar's motive for invading England was that he might gather pearls to ornament a tabard consecrated to Venus at Rome. It was a man's garment. In the *Assembly of Ladies*, a poem attributed to Chaucer, but not his, the Lady Attemperance wears a gown of cloth of gold, "in taberde wyse the sleeves hanging adoun"; that is, she wore her gown without putting her arms into the sleeves, as a hussar wears one-half of his jacket in the fashion of a tabard, which was a cloak without sleeves. Verstegan, who wrote in the early part of the seventeenth century, says that the tabert was anciently a short gown that reached no further than the middle, and that in his time it was still the name for a gown in Germany and in the Netherlands. He could hardly have been mistaken as to the use of the word in the Netherlands, since his literary life was passed at Antwerp; but it seems to have become obsolete. In German dictionaries the English word tabard is translated Harolds-rock—a Herald's coat, and Waffen-rock—a long coat worn by military officers in full dress. The tabard as a cloak of war was shorter than the cloak of peace; it screened the knight's armour from the sun, and was emblazoned with the coat of arms, by which, hidden in his panoply, he was known in battle. On the eve of the battle of Mansourah, when the Countess of Salisbury saw in a vision the heavens open to receive an armed knight, she knew her son only by the coat of arms on his shield. In the year 1370 Sir John Chandos was slain as he fought at Lussac through stumbling upon his tabard, which was too long. He had armed himself in haste at Chauvigny, and must have put on his robe of peace. In Johnes' *Froissart* there is an engraving of this petty skirmish, in which the tabard of Chandos is represented as a gaberдинe without sleeves, open at the sides below the girdle, and bearing a coat of arms upon the breast. The war cloak of their lords was adopted by the heralds, and retained by them after it had been disused in warfare. They have also retained the old word which was exclusively their own as early as the year 1598. In the glossary to Speght's first edition, published in that year, we find "Tabard, an herald's coat." Before he published his second edition, in 1602, he had learned from John Stow, among other things, something more of the tabard, and tells it as follows:—" (borrowed from the Dutch) a jaquet or sleeveless coate, worn in times past by noblemen in the warres, but now onely by Heralds, and is called theire coate of armes in service." Thus it happened that Chaucer's Tabard has been supposed to signify the peculiar garment of a herald. It had no such meaning in his time. He tells of heralds pricking up and down, but nothing of their tabards; of his Ploughman he says:—

In a taberd he rode upon a mere.

The Tabard may have been a common sign. It appears from the Rolls of Parliament that in 1381, John Brewersman, one of the leaders in Wat Tyler's insurrection, and excepted from the general pardon, was lodging at the Tabard in London, probably the same which the Water Poet, who was doubtful whether the pilgrims' inn at Southwark should be called the Tabard or the Talbot, mentions as "the signe of the Tabbard in Gracious Street," where "the carriers of Braintree and Bocking in Essex doe lodge."

The host of the Tabard, Harry Bailly, had as real existence as his sign and his hostellerie, and is well worthy a record. He was as fair a burgess as could be found in Chepe, a seemingly man to have been a marshal in a hall; well taught, merry and wise, manly, and bold of speech, yet, when he spake to the gentle Lady Prioress, as courteous as a maid. With his wide chambers, and stables, and sumptuous fare, he was of a race which, having lasted in England, with a difference, more than four hundred years after Chaucer, has been extirpated to make way for railway hotels and their managers. Crabbe had Chaucer's host in mind when he drew his landlord of the Rampant Lion; but the empire of the Lion was divided between the master and the mistress, while the host of the Tabard ruled single in his domain; and there was a cause—the wife, though her name, as it appears on the Subsidy Roll of 1380, was Christian, had more vices than her husband could reckon.

26. Pilgrimes were they alle
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
719. Assembled was this compaignie
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostellerie
That highte the Tabard faste by the Belle.
749. Gret chere made our hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon;
And served us with vitaille of the best.
Strong was the win; and wel to drinke us leste.
A seemly man our hoste was with alle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught
And of manhood him lacked righte naught
Eke therto was he right a mery man.
839. Sire Knight (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is main accord.

Cometh here (quod he) my lady prioress
And ye, sere clerk, let be your shamefastness,
Ne studieth nought; lay hand to, every man.

11375. he said
As curteisly as it had ben a maid,
My Lady Prioress, by your leve,
So that I wist I shuld you not agreeve,
I wolde demen, but ye tellen shold,
A tale next, if so were that ye wold,
Now wol ye vouchesauf, my lady dere?

The character of the host is carefully maintained throughout. Eighteen times during the journey he puts forth his authority and gives vent to his mirth. He suffers but one of the company only to interfere with his office, checking with bold speech, lordly as a king, every intermeddler, except the very perfect gentle Knight, whom Chaucer drew having before him a picture, taken from the life, by Guillaume de Machaut, of the blind hero of Crecy, the valiant and gentle John of Luxembourg, King of Bohemia.

In a paper which has been before mentioned, Mr. Corner pointed out that in the Subsidy Roll of 1380, two shillings for himself and Christian his wife were charged upon Henry Bailly, hosteller of Southwark, and that the same Henry Bailly represented that borough in the Parliaments of 1376 and 1378 at Westminster and Gloucester. The subsidy was the second poll-tax, to which the poorest was to contribute not less than a groat, if a husband, for himself and his wife, and the richest not more than sixty groats. The Parliamentary writs and returns show that Henry Bayly, a Burgess of Southwark, represented that borough in the Parliament of Gloucester in 1378. That he was returned to the Parliament at Westminster in 1376 is not so clear. However, it seems that Henry Bailly, the host of the Tabard, did sit at least in one Parliament, and it was not unlikely that an innkeeper should be among the knights, citizens, and burgesses chosen to represent the commons of England. Some of the aldermen of London condescended to keep taverns, and they were not lightly esteemed. In the grant of the first poll-tax in 1379, the mayor was assessed as an earl, the aldermen as barons, and great merchants as knights. Like the merchant princes of Genoa and Venice, and our own dethroned sovereigns of Leadenhall Street, the leaders of the City in the fourteenth century were statesmen and warriors as well as traders.

Having ventured to affirm that the hero from whom our first-born princes take their plume and motto was the original of Chaucer's Knight, it may not be superfluous to offer the proof, gathered and brought together from *Le Confort d'ami* of Guillaume de Machaut, adding that the French poet in his *Life of Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus*, mentions the taking of Alexandria, Satalia, and Layas:—

Pren garde au bon roi de Beheigne.
En Pouleine, en Russe, en Cracoe,
En Masovie, en Russe, en Lectoe.
Puis fus il par deux fois en Prusse,
A moult grand honneur & en Russe
Ala pris & honneur conquerre.
rien ne retenoit
Fors l'onneur ad ce se tenoit,
Riens qu'onneur se deseroit.

S'il avoit une cote grise
De drap de Pouleine ou de Frise,
Et un cheval tant seulement
Il le souffisoit hautement.
Son lit, eins prenoit à l'ostel
Ce qu'il trouvoit.

Onques n'ot tel
En monde ne si patient,
De riens n'estoit impatient,
N'estoit pas de ses gens hais
Car chescun l'amoit et servoit.

Chaucer says of his Knight:—

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
At Alisandre he was when it was wonne,
Ful oftentime he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe had he reysed and in Ruce.
At Leyes was he and at Satalie
Whan they were wonne.

he loved chevalrie
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie,
And evermore he hadde a sovereign pris.

But for to tellen you of his arais,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gale.
Of fustian he wored a gipon.
A yeman hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so.

And of his port as meke as is a mayde
He never yet ne vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif unto no maner wight,
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

Tyrwhitt thought it hard to guess why Chaucer should have made an English knight bring his laurels from Alexandria and Lettowe, rather than from Crecy and Poitiers. If John of Luxembourg was his model, the riddle is solved. He borrowed freely, in other places, from Guillaume de Machaut, and probably translated his *Dié du Lion*.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES IN THE TROAD.

SINCE we noticed Dr. Schliemann's work in our number of March 21 we have learnt with great satisfaction that he has begun the exploration of Mycenæ, and that, by a new arrangement with the Porte, he will probably be able before long to resume his excavations at Hissarlik, which, whether it be the site of Troy or not, is certainly the site of Ilium Novum. It will, we think, be generally admitted by those who have read M. Lenormant's interesting letters in recent numbers of the *Academy* that before any authoritative judgment can be pronounced as to the age of the Hissarlik antiquities and the race from whom they are derived, various facts will have to be carefully sifted and much new ground explored.

At present one great obstacle to a scientific inquiry is that Dr. Schliemann's antiquities are at Athens, and the photographs in his work are quite inadequate to convey a correct notion of them except to those who have examined the originals. On the other hand, the antiquities from Santorin, Cyprus, and elsewhere, in which such remarkable resemblance to the Hissarlik antiquities has been recognized, are scattered about Europe in various museums. Without the actual juxtaposition of the objects compared, comparisons lose their convincing force. Most of the archaeologists who have written on Dr. Schliemann's discoveries have assumed the Hissarlik antiquities to be pre-Hellenic; indeed it seems impossible otherwise to explain their position in regular layers at so great a depth under the Greek city of Ilium Novum, undoubted remains of which city were found by Dr. Schliemann in the upper soil of Hissarlik. Assuming then that the Hissarlik antiquities are pre-Hellenic, to what people and to what age can they be attributed? M. Lenormant contends that they can hardly be later than the nineteenth or twentieth century B.C. Thus, the received date of the Homeric siege of Troy being 1200 to 1100 B.C., Dr. Schliemann's antiquities would be from five hundred to six hundred years earlier than Priam. This somewhat startling theory is supported by an elaborate argument of which the following are the principal points:—

1. The extreme rudeness of the Hissarlik antiquities, especially in the attempt to represent the human figure, the absence of painted pottery and of glass, and the use of *pure copper* instead of bronze in the numerous weapons and implements, give these antiquities an *à priori* claim to be considered pre-Hellenic and pre-historic.

2. On comparing these presumed prehistoric antiquities with what has been recently found under the tufa in the volcanic island of Santorin (Thera) curious resemblances will be found, especially in the pottery. Now Santorin was once a volcano with a crater occupying the place of the present harbour; which crater at some time before historical record sank down into the sea. M. Fouqué, whose memoir on the subject is to be found in the *French Archives des Missions* for 1867, calculates from certain geological data that this catastrophe took place between 2000 and 1800 B.C. In excavations at Santorin made by French archaeologists some years ago, of which an account appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, remains of houses and antiquities of a very primitive kind were found under a thick layer of tufa, and it is assumed by M. Lenormant and other French archaeologists that this tufa was thrown out as a last effort of the volcano before its crater went down into the sea. Supposing this geological theory to be established, we have in the remains found at Santorin a kind of prehistoric Pompeii. Now it is curious that in these Santorin antiquities a large proportion of the vases are, like those from Hissarlik, of a rude shape and fabric, the surface not painted but polished by the hand. The implements are mostly of stone, such few ornaments as they present being incised; but the metal used for implements is, as at Hissarlik, pure copper, not bronze. The conclusion arrived at by the French archaeologists from the study of these remains is that they are antecedent to the Phœnician colony which occupied Thera some time after the sinking of the crater, and whose descendants the Greeks are said to have found in the island, when, according to legend, they planted a colony there, one hundred and ten years after the Trojan war. When we turn from Santorin to Rhodes and Cyprus, two of the most ancient settlements of the Phœnicians, we find fictile art in a stage considerably in advance of the rude pottery of Thera. The vases which M. Lenormant ascribes, we think justly, to the Phœnician period are of much thinner and finer substance than the Santorin pottery, and the simple geometrical patterns with which they are ornamented are painted in brown on a drab ground, instead of being incised as in the ruder and earlier pottery. These Phœnician vases have been found in the excavations at Nimrud and in Palestine, and occasionally bear Phœnician inscriptions. Fragments of the same pottery were found by Mr. Dennis in a Lydian tumulus near Sardes, and many specimens have been obtained from Cyprus, Rhodes, Athens, Mycenæ, and Tiryns. Not a trace of this later Phœnician pottery was met with by Dr. Schliemann in the lower strata of his excavations, but at Santorin a few specimens occurred, intermixed with the ruder native pottery. These later specimens may have been imported by the Phœnicians at a period long previous to their permanent settlement at Thera. Among the ornaments painted on these vases, figures and animals occasionally occur, but these attempts to represent organic form are very rudely drawn. M. Lenormant notes certain little figures sculptured in marble and modelled in clay, which probably belong to the same period as these painted vases. Next in order of time comes the class of painted vases sometimes called Carinthian, in

which zones of animals are painted in brown, black, and crimson, on a ground scene with flowers, the human figure or monstrous winged combinations being occasionally introduced. It is now very generally admitted that the ornaments and subjects of these so-called Corinthian vases are derived from Assyrian sources. With these are found the little bottles of variegated glass of which the tombs of Camirus yielded so large a quantity, and which are also found in Egyptian tombs as early as the time of Thothmes III.; a variety of objects in blue porcelain, some of which were no doubt manufactured in Egypt, others being an imitation of the Egyptian fabric; terra-cotta figures painted and modelled with considerable art; figures and implements cast in bronze; and carvings in ivory and bone. Greek inscriptions in a very archaic form occur on a few of these objects, and it will be convenient in the present state of our knowledge to class this later pottery and all the glass, porcelain, terra-cottas, &c., associated with it in tombs, as Græco-Phœnician antiquities.

We have now traced out three distinct strata of ancient remains, which according to the hypothesis here stated succeeded each other in order of time—namely, the Præhistoric antiquities of Hissarlik and Santorin; the Phœnician antiquities of the Greek islands and of certain sites in Greece and Asia; and the Græco-Phœnician antiquities of Greece proper and the Archipelago, and also of Italy. Now, if we assume that these three strata succeeded to each other chronologically, we find that in the Hissarlik antiquities there is no trace of Phœnician, Egyptian, or Assyrian influence; whilst at the same time there is, in the attempts to represent animal forms and in the ornaments, a curious resemblance to those remains from the Greek islands and other parts of the ancient world which, from their extreme rudeness and from other circumstances, have *prima facie* a claim to very remote antiquity. One of the most numerous class of antiquities in Dr. Schliemann's collection are the pierced disks in terra-cotta and stone, which he calls spindle-whorls. On these disks are *graffiti*, most of which represent such simple geometrical ornaments as are found on the earliest painted vases, with occasionally an attempt to represent men or cattle by outlines as rude as a child's first attempt to copy a heraldic lion. There is, as M. Lenormant justly remarks, a certain analogy between these *graffiti* and certain gems found in the Greek islands, in which the intaglio is rudely incised on a pebble, which retains its original form, a lentil irregularly flattened. Now if these Hissarlik antiquities were, as Dr. Schliemann maintains, of the date of Priam's Troy, a city destroyed in the twelfth century B.C., we should expect to find in them traces of that Assyrian influence which we know from the prism of Tiglathpileser to have been then paramount in Asia Minor. If, indeed, we assume for the Hissarlik antiquities a date as late as the seventeenth century B.C. or later, then, argues M. Lenormant, it is inconceivable that they should exhibit no trace of Egyptian influence; for we know from the evidence both of hieroglyphic texts and Greek tombs that Thothmes III. and his successors from the seventeenth century onwards were constantly brought in contact with the inhabitants of the Eastern Mediterranean, both in war and peace. It follows therefore that the Hissarlik antiquities are earlier than the date of Thothmes III., and thus M. Lenormant throws them back to the nineteenth or twentieth century—the date which, relying on M. Fouquet's geology, he assigns to the prehistoric remains at Santorin.

The theory here stated has, it must be confessed, this merit, that it gives ample room for the successive formation and development of the three classes of antiquities which we ventured to distinguish as the Præhistoric, the Phœnician, and the Græco-Phœnician, in the 1500 years between B.C. 2000 and B.C. 500; and we may, we think, fairly assume that during all this period a development of some kind was going on among those races whom the Hellenes ultimately absorbed or supplanted in the Eastern Mediterranean. But before accepting M. Lenormant's reasoning, some of which appears to us somewhat too fine drawn, much will have to be sifted. How far, for instance, do geologists generally admit M. Fouquet's views about the volcanic changes at Santorin? Even if we grant that the Dardana of hieroglyphic texts are probably the Trojans of Ilium, is the identification of the Tekira as Trojans as certain as M. Lenormant assumes it to be? It is a far cry from Troy to Egypt, and it seems at first sight improbable that a city so remote should in such very early times have had relations with Egypt sufficiently marked to exercise any appreciable influence on Trojan art. Yet, unless we admit in its full force the negative argument which M. Lenormant derives from this absence of Egyptian influence at Hissarlik, one main ground for his conclusion is weakened. We must, therefore, whilst acknowledging the great ingenuity and learning shown by M. Lenormant, say of his conclusions generally that they are possible but not proven. If, on the other hand, it should ultimately be established by further evidence that Dr. Schliemann has really found Priam's Troy, then we must not feel surprised or disappointed if these remains show a state of art so far below the general standard of civilization described by Homer. Who can doubt that the state of society portrayed with such vivid and graphic details in the Iliad was in its main features a poetical reproduction of the age in which the poet himself lived and moved? To suppose that he tried, like Walter Scott, to reproduce the manners and customs of races from which he was separated by an interval of three or four centuries is to suppose a combination of poetry and archaeology irreconcilable with the spirit of the Homeric age.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of wines was not ready last Monday, and we fear that when open it will be found seriously incomplete. It is not only the growers, shippers, and importers, but the makers, of wine who are entreated to reveal themselves. Ordinary sherry may be truly called an "international" production, since Spain gives the name and we find the materials. If the managers of this Exhibition could and would arrange for a course of lectures with ocular demonstration of the processes by which the liquors called wines are manufactured, we believe that they would render public service by promoting health, temperance, and economy. Those who are in the trade will not betray its secrets, but a chemist can guess with sufficient accuracy at the composition of the curious articles which are largely sold as "sherry" and "champagne." A model of the estate on which Hamburg Sherry is grown would be an interesting feature of the Exhibition, and perhaps it would appear that the vines are so productive as not to require a larger area than is covered by a factory for gin-spinning. An official announcement states that "exhibitors are permitted to sell or give away glasses of wine or samples in bottle," and an official scribe calls this "placing this class (of wines) before the public in a practical manner." It will be strange if with this encouragement the vaults of the Albert Hall do not become a gigantic tipping-shop. Fairness would seem to require that which might perhaps be productive of fun—namely, an exhibition in another part of the building of the processes for getting up a teetotal agitation. Here you might learn how to make wine; there you might learn how to make speeches. Both products are often equally artificial, fiery, and mischievous, and both manufactures occupy so large a place in modern life as to deserve their turn in the Exhibition. If, indeed, visitors to these vaults could learn there to distinguish between good wine and bad imitations of it, we should begin to think that these Exhibitions are something more than bazaars. They might be useful in teaching to all classes something of what may be called the science of common life. If we were not totally ignorant of chemistry, we should not be at the mercy of audacious impostors who can thrust down our throats any vile mixture to which they choose to give the name of wine.

The exhibition of sanitary apparatus would be rendered far more valuable by an exposition in popular language of the principles upon which depends the preservation of health in crowded neighbourhoods. We observe that in New York lectures are given to ladies upon physiology and hygiene, "in response to a call from a number of leading ladies of that city." We should think that a lecture upon Respiration, "illustrated by highly-finished coloured views," would be almost as interesting as that which used to be given upon a drop of foul water at the Polytechnic. There was not much lecture in the sense of talking, but the room was darkened, and upon a white wall were shown spectres of monsters several feet long moving with great rapidity and extending in all directions formidable claws. One came away with the conviction of having had a comfortable shilling's-worth of horror. In the American lecture something equally impressive is provided by way of accessory to the talk. By help of a stereopticon "highly-finished coloured views" are thrown upon a screen thirty feet square, displaying the colossal size of the heart, with its valves, arteries, and veins, also the circulation of the blood to the lungs and neighbouring organs, blood corpuscles greatly enlarged, showing the healthy and the diseased condition, demonstrating the presence of cancer, salt rheum, &c. We cannot help thinking that this kind of thing would pay in England. Blood corpuscles greatly enlarged must have an adequately horrible appearance, and it must be possible to inspire every lady in the audience with an apprehension that she has incipient cancer in her system. This alone would be worth all the money. It is delightful to believe—not of course too confidently—that one is doomed, and to be able to exact a husband's sympathy, while avoiding as long as possible the unfeeling assurance of the family doctor that there is nothing at all the matter with one. The imagination might dwell with unrestrained pleasure on the morbidity of corpuscles, "how cancers are formed from the diseased blood, and how the brain is affected when the blood is impure." We can hardly conceive a more thrilling subject for a lecture. "Nine-tenths of all suicides are committed from poisonous blood, which affects the brain, for bad blood can never reason." Here we seem to be approaching a highly consolatory theory that suicide, and of course murder, is to be ascribed to neglect of physiological and hygienic rules. "Crime," said the lecturer, "would never cease until the capitalist would build small houses for the poor." We wish we could believe that it would cease then. "Pent-up air gives bad blood," and hence all the evils that afflict humanity. These hygienists are better informed and less tedious than another set of enthusiasts, the teetotalers. But it is amusing to observe how confident each set are that they could regenerate the world if only they might be allowed to try. The worst, however, that could be said against the hygienists is that they are inclined to spend our money rather freely. But it takes a good deal of talking to talk money out of a man's pocket, and therefore we think the hygienists might usefully lecture on their favourite subjects. They would be at no loss for illustrations, as there is a large collection of sanitary appliances in the Exhibition.

Another subject on which the popular mind sadly needs instruction is economy of fuel. There are plenty of stoves in the Exhibition, but who is to try them? It may be doubted whether the

Committee of the Class have time or means to make such trial as a housekeeper makes when he has a stove put up, and depends on it for the comfort of his family. The Committee will probably make a Report upon the Class, which will be well written, and suitable to persuade those who do not need it. The difficulty is to convince the ordinary householder that more economical arrangements as to fuel might be and ought to be adopted in his house. This is not only difficult, but almost impossible, as the average Englishman is as much devoted to his open fireplace as to his joint of roast beef. Nor is his suspicion of new-fangled contrivances by any means unreasonable. Many experiments in warming and ventilating public buildings have been made at his cost as a taxpayer, and have ended disastrously. Besides, he is at any rate well founded in distrust of his own ability to manage new contrivances. Still the general ignorance and helplessness on this subject is deplorable, and as we are to have these Exhibitions, they may perhaps be made useful in conveying more correct ideas. There is less reason for a display of saddlery and harness, which could, we think, be sufficiently well made in existing shops. If it pays tradesmen to do their business in this way, they will do it. You cannot go into an ordinary shop and ask many questions as to price and quality without being expected to buy something, and if you are a weak-minded person you probably comply with this expectation. But you can walk up and down the galleries of this Exhibition and ask questions at stalls where there are attendants, and all without expending more than the shilling for your admission. Thus a large part of the amusement which ladies call shopping may be enjoyed without expense, and in this point of view the Exhibition deserves to be supported not only by ladies but by their husbands. We do not know whether much good was done last year by lectures on cooking; but at least no harm could be done. The saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing could hardly apply here.

The Catalogue of the Exhibition is, as compared with the catalogues of former years, a modest composition. There is no puffing by the Commissioners, and only a limited amount of puffing by the exhibitors. The proprietor of Bond's Marking Ink is, we suppose, also the proprietor of a contrivance called the Odonto Teat, used, as we conjecture, for feeding babies, and this is probably the reason why the praises of these two articles are celebrated by the same advertisement. It would be rather awkward if a baby were to get hold of the ink-bottle instead of the teat. The "Certificate of merit signed 'Albert Edward Prince of Wales'" applies, as we understand, to the ink and not to the teat or the babies. An article called Maizena was pronounced by a Jurors' Report of 1862 to be "exceedingly excellent food," and it has probably been felt by jurors of later time that the language of praise had been exhausted. Dr. Lankester, however, has found opportunity for further laudation of this article. The word Maizena was intended to designate farina of maize, and Dr. Lankester is able to say that it is what it pretends to be. "I attribute its excellence," says he, "to the fact of its being exclusively prepared from maize grown in America." Here is a stupendous fact. "This," says he, "is maize. It calls itself maize, and it is maize, and no mistake at all about it." We have got pretty well used to every kind of adulteration, but still it is rather startling to find an article commended on the simple ground that it is genuine. Why should not English invalids and children be supplied with maize grown in America? The native pigs get as much as they want, and can surely spare a little. There may of course be special skill in the preparation of this article, but Dr. Lankester does not go upon that. It is as if he were to say, "Here is a loaf of bread made from wheat," which indeed he could hardly say with truth of all the loaves that are sold in London. But certainly commercial morality must be at a low ebb when it is made a ground of special praise that flour is flour. We shall be told before long in the same style that a tin of Australian mutton has been examined and found to contain no dog. The importers of Maizena must not be too much elated at the discovery of their own honesty. Doubtless there was in the country where it grew plenty of dirt which they might have put into it, but they did not. Let us hope at any rate that this form of virtue will some day become more common.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS BILL.

WE rejoice to see that there is again a chance of England being no longer a byword among nations as far as regards respect for the living memorials of our own history and of the history of the men who were before us in our island. As we are told that this present Session of Parliament is to be a quiet, humdrum Session, without any blazing questions or heroic remedies, it may be that it will be easier this year than it was last to give a few moments to the question whether the ancient historic monuments of the land are not objects worthy of care and preservation at the hands of the nation itself. We stand almost alone among nations of our own rank in the world in leaving the monumental history of our country to be swept away bit by bit by the destruction or hopeless mutilation of the records in which it is written. Sir John Lubbock again brings forward his Bill which so unluckily came to nothing last year, and he is backed by Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Beresford Hope, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and Mr. Osborne Morgan. These are names which we do not commonly see brought together in such close company, and, as they

cannot be reasonably suspected of conspiring together for any wicked purpose, it is to be hoped that each may draw supporters to the Bill from his own special corner of the House. Our own course with regard to the Bill is so easy as to become hard. We have really very little to say about it except what we said more than a year ago.* The Bill is essentially the same as it was then—so nearly the same that we might make over again all the criticisms which we made then. The chief change is that, besides the Enclosure Commissioners and the official persons mentioned in the former Bill, there are to be seven Commissioners named in the Act whose successors are to be appointed by the Crown. The list is a strong one, and takes in such well-known names as Lord Talbot de Malahide and Mr. John Evans, with Mr. John Stuart for Scotland and Sir William Wilde as a second and most worthy representative of Ireland. We may suppose that it is these nominated Commissioners who will really do the work, and it is again provided, as is a clear matter of necessity in such a case, that the Commissioners may act by writing without meeting in person. The addition of these nominated Commissioners is a distinct improvement on the former Bill; indeed, were it not that the presence of the Enclosure Commissioners may be deemed needful by prudent people to protect the rights of property against the inroads of enthusiastic antiquaries, and were there not a certain propriety in connecting the matter in hand with certain public institutions, we might ask whether a well-chosen body of nominated Commissioners would not get on better without the help of any official Commissioners at all. Another change is that the Act is not in any way to be applied to monuments on land held in right of the Duchy of Cornwall without the consent of the Duke of Cornwall for the time being. We suppose that there is some reason for this provision, though it is not very obvious at first sight, and the result of it seems to be that, in the schedule of monuments to which the Act is to be immediately applied, instead of, as we had hoped, more Cornish monuments appearing, Cornish monuments, and with them Devonshire monuments, vanish altogether. In other respects the Act is much the same as it was; the powers of the Commissioners are the same; there is the same curious phraseology about "injuring" monuments, and the three classes of monuments remain as before. There is still the first class, consisting of monuments named in the schedule, which are to be at once placed under the care of the Commissioners; there is the same power lodged in the Commissioners to apply the Act, subject to an appeal, to other monuments of the same class; and there is the same power as before of extending it, under certain circumstances and with the consent of certain persons concerned, to monuments of any other kind. If all this can become law, the gain will be very great; a great deal of wanton destruction will certainly be stopped; and, though we should ourselves like to see the same principle carried out still further, we are, as we were a year ago, thoroughly thankful to get anything at all, and we do not forget that by trying to get too much we might perhaps lose everything. In short, when the monumental history of the land has been for so many ages defaced at pleasure by the caprice or carelessness of any ignorant landowner or occupier, it will be a great thing to have it in any shape recognized by law that national monuments are really monuments of national concern.

At the same time, if there was to be a schedule of monuments named in the Act, we again cannot help expressing our wonder at the smallness of the number of monuments contained in it. We have already said that Cornwall and Devonshire, two counties which are among the richest in primeval monuments, are cut out altogether. Coming eastward, there is now nothing in Dorset, though in the former schedule there were three monuments in that shire, Maiden Castle, the Dorchester Amphitheatre, and Badbury Ring. Yet surely there are few monuments better worth preservation than Maiden Castle; and Briton and Englishman may unite to respect the spot which is the memorial at once of Arthur and of Cerdic. The omission of the amphitheatre may be a sign of a fixed purpose to shut out all Roman remains from the schedule, though we cannot guess why they should be shut out, especially as Roman remains are expressly mentioned among the objects to which the second process of the Act may be applied. Passing into Somerset, we again ask, Where is Worlebury? Why is one of the greatest and most living monuments of English victory, on one of the noblest of sites, the great hill-fort looking forth on the narrow sea, with its islands and promontories, and the mountains of the once foreign and hostile land beyond—a monument threatened, perhaps beyond any other of its kind, sometimes with utter destruction, always with daily wearing mutilation—to be thought unworthy of preservation, if ancient monuments are preserved at all? Again, there is nothing in Pembrokeshire, nothing in Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire still supplies nothing but Arthur's Quoit. We confess that we do not understand the principle on which the schedule is drawn up. We can quite understand the propriety of making such a schedule, and at the same time adding a clause giving the Commissioners power to extend the Act to other monuments besides those mentioned in the schedule. In this case, the further powers would be powers to meet cases either of omissions in the schedule, or of fresh discoveries. But of course it is a gain to have as many objects as possible put in the schedule, because to them the Act will be applied at once without any further asking of leave of anybody. We therefore do not understand why, out of a number of objects of the same class, some should be taken and others left. If

* See *Saturday Review*, March 15, 1873.

Kit's Coty House and Arthur's Quoit are to be put at once under the protection of the law, we do not see why the cromlech at Dyffryn, and other cromlechs in other places, which are just as well known and just as worthy of being preserved, should be left exposed till a further process has been gone through. So again, with regard to the classes of objects mentioned in the empowering clause, we do not profess to define "British," "Celtic," and "Saxon" remains, or to know the exact difference between British and Celtic. But we do know what Roman remains are, and we do not understand why, when the clause points out Roman remains as proper objects to be put under the care of the Commissioners, not a single Roman monument is at once put under their care by being set down in the schedule. We have already noticed that in the schedule in the former Bill the Dorchester Amphitheatre was named, though it is no longer named in the present schedule. The great case of the dykes at the other Dorchester shows that there is no class of remains which stands in greater danger, and if the Commissioners are to be allowed by a certain process to extend their care to remains of this kind, why is it that not a single monument of the kind—not Wroxeter, not Silchester, not Anderida, not the Great Wall itself—is at once made safe by being put down in the schedule? Silchester is safe, and more than safe, during the lifetime of the present Duke and the present rector, but we cannot answer for all future Dukes and all future rectors; and surely, if there are any monuments in the whole country which deserved to be made objects of national care, none can surpass the Great Wall, none can surpass Anderida, the monument of the two great turning points in the history of Britain.

As for mediæval monuments, the Bill, as concerns them, remains much as it stood in its former shape. None of them are named in the schedule; the Commissioners cannot take the first steps towards their preservation, but, as we understand the Bill, it is open to any owner of such monuments himself to put them under the care of the Commissioners. We should ourselves have liked something more than this; still, as things are, it is a great matter to get this or anything else, and of course owners may be expected to feel a much keener sense of property in their castles and abbeys than they do in their cromlech and standing stones. The case of that class of antiquities which is in most danger of all, the class which perishes daily, is, we are afraid, hopeless. Of all tasks the hardest is to make people feel any respect for the smaller domestic buildings of past times, and it is naturally easier to set bounds to a man's power of dealing with his cromlech, his Roman wall, his castle, or his ruined church, than to set bounds to his power of doing as he pleases with a building which is perhaps still inhabited by himself or his tenant, by his own horses and cows, or by his tenant's horses and cows. At all events, one class of our antiquities, a class which, if not the most striking, is by no means the least instructive, is being fast swept away from the earth. Every one who has tried knows how hard it is to persuade the popular mind that a mediæval manor-house, parsonage, shop, or inn, really was the dwelling of a layman or a secular priest, and that it never had anything to do with monks. When all things of this kind are gone, we shall not only have lost a very pleasing class of our ancient monuments, but further strength will be given to the superstition that for some ages, the date of which is not exactly defined, the only inhabitants of this island were barons who lived in castles, monks who lived in abbeys, and perhaps serfs who lived in holes in the ground. If we ventured on a date, we might perhaps say that up to 597 all things were made by Druids, and that after 597 all things were made by monks. Perhaps, when the New Zealander comes, he will set down all the works of the last three centuries as having been made by Perpetual Curates.

The only fault then that we find with the Bill is that ideally it does not go far enough. But, if it goes as far as there is any hope of gaining the object aimed at, it does practically go far enough. We trust that it may be law before the end of the Session, and that Sir John Lubbock may earn the blessings of antiquaries as fully as he has already earned the blessings of bankers and their clerks.

LAWYERS ON THE STAGE.

THE lawyer is a favourite and familiar figure in the novel and on the stage, yet it is wonderful how little novelists and dramatists have been able to make of him. Almost every eminent novelist has tried his hand at the description of a great trial, and the same subject has often been attempted on the stage; but in most cases the experiment has failed. This is the more extraordinary because there is really no subject which is in itself so dramatic in form and contains so many dramatic elements as a trial. There is no part of the newspaper which is so eagerly read by all classes as the reports of law cases when they are fully reported, and this is true not merely of criminal cases, which may be supposed to appeal to morbid appetites, but of civil cases too. No doubt the ordinary law reports are never read except by professional men or by persons who happen to have a special interest in a case; but the reason of this is that all the life is taken out of them by the exclusion of details and the compression of the whole story into a few general sentences, which are usually only a dull, bewildering web of names, dates, and obscure technicalities. The driest case in the world becomes interesting when it is unravelled bit by bit in the course of evidence. When it is really a strange story it

becomes quite fascinating when presented in this form. Nothing could possibly be more dramatic all through than the Tichborne case, and there was really room for a subtle intellectual pleasure in following its evolutions, its shifting phases, now one side up, then down, and its varied and startling incidents. The number of different persons engaged in the trial, the diversity of characters illustrated, from the judges on the Bench to the mixed crowd in the back seats of the Court, and the constant movement and, as actors say, "business" of the scene, all contributed to make it an irresistible theatrical success. If the Queen's Bench had been a theatre, the piece would probably have been running still. Yet, as we said, it is very seldom that a trial is successfully represented on the stage. One reason is, perhaps, that the accumulation of details and the panoramic unfolding of the story which are so impressive in a lawsuit have to be sacrificed on the stage, and also in a novel, and that rapid situations have to be substituted for the sake of prompt effect. No audience could be expected to sit one hundred and eighty-eight days in a theatre any more than the most insanely devoted of Mudie's readers could be expected to go through all the volumes of the Tichborne evidence and speeches, if they had been published in a lump. It is the gradual opening out of the story which makes it so interesting; and the impressiveness of anything that is real must also be taken into account. Truth is stranger than fiction, because it is something that has actually happened, and not the artificial contrivance of an ingenious person sitting quietly at his desk and at liberty to invent anything he likes.

Another reason why the lawyer of the stage and the novel is not very popular is that he is so monotonous. There is an old farce of which a village attorney is the hero. He is always setting everybody by the ears; and this has long been the common type of lawyer—a malicious, tricky, unscrupulous person, perpetually doing mischief—when exhibited for public amusement. Mr. Trollope in his later novels has, indeed, shown a disposition to devote himself to studies of lawyers, as he once devoted himself to studies of bishops. Mr. Trollope displays the lawyer, not as a mere forensic instrument, but as a useful and not ungenial agent in delicately disentangling the knotted affairs of private life, and doing a great deal more for his clients than merely putting on his wig and speaking for them in court or writing an opinion. The quiet, gentlemanly old lawyer in *Orley Farm* is of this class, and so is the Queen's Counsel in *Lady Anna*. Mr. Chaffanbrass has some of the conventional traits, but the conditions under which such a man must do his work—he remarks of a proposed interview with Phineas, "If he says he did not kill the man, I must take that as of course; if he says he did, what am I to do?"—are portrayed with much insight and graphic force, and the higher qualities of the lawyer are not neglected. Thackeray and Dickens have also brought out some of the humorous aspects of life in Temple Chambers, and it is surprising that this mine should have been so little worked. There is something essentially dramatic in the sort of double life with which the wig and gown invest the barrister. No doubt there are some men who, if they have been accustomed to this wonderful costume for a certain time, and have been prosperous in the use of it, get assimilated to it, and are as grave in their own hair as in a wig. As a rule, however, a barrister is one man in his robes and another in his cutaway coat and hat; and the contrasts and contradictions thus produced are sometimes droll, sometimes pathetic, and occasionally both mingled. The fancy is tickled by comparing the solemn person in white wig, black gown, and clerical-looking bands, with the dashing young man about town who emerges from this costume when he passes into the robing-room. On the other hand, nothing can be more tragical in its way than the position of a poor and briefless barrister, who has married on the chance of getting practice afterwards, and who has to keep up appearances and support all the conventions of his position, while the white-aproned ticket-porter in the lane is really making a more substantial income than he is, and is the object of his ceaseless envy. He had heard perhaps all sorts of stories of men who waited and waited, like himself, till all of a sudden the tide filled and swept them on to fortune, of a leader of the Bar who was grey before he got his second brief, of a Chief Justice who in despair was mounting the stage-coach in the middle of a briefless circuit when he was hailed by an attorney who gave him the commission which was the beginning of a brilliant and prosperous career. All this, he thinks, may come to him too; but hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and his helplessness makes his case more bitter. He cannot advertise or tout for briefs or cry "Hi, hi!" at the foot of his stairs as the butchers do on Saturday nights. He may know himself to be a poor stick, but he dare not offer to do odd jobs at a cheap rate because he is fit for nothing better. He must sit and wait and keep up appearances for the honour of his idle wig and useless gown, and alas! it is often weary waiting. From one point of view all this is sad enough; yet it has its grotesque aspect too, and this has been seized with great force and humour by Mr. Toole in a play just produced at the Globe Theatre. The play itself is utterly extravagant and improbable, and is of value only as a frame for the actor's exceedingly clever and amusing portraiture of a barrister out at elbows.

Wig and Gown might almost be suspected of being a satire on the conventional pretensions of the Bar to wisdom and learning. Hammond Coote, the hero, is simply a fool, despised by his wife, ridiculed by his elder boy, and pitied by his daughter and youngest son, who cannot shut their eyes to his foolishness, though they love him for his warm heart and genial cheerfulness. In wig and gown he has a wise look, but it is only the look of a solemn goose,

and his incapacity is quickly discovered. He never can understand his cases, and always gets verdicts for the other side. With the attorneys he is a doomed man, and he has not had a brief for three years. He has given up going into court, and confines himself, as he says, to chamber practice. He is, in fact, the drudge of his household, and has nothing to do except run messages for his wife and do the miscellaneous marketing. The only use of his blue bag is to carry home purchases of shrimps, bread, blacking, and such things; and his gown has been doomed by his wife, who is a connexion of a baronet's family, and has a small annuity on which she keeps her husband, to be cut up into a jacket for the little boy. Still Coote has hope. When his wife upbraids him with keeping up an office in the Temple which brings in nothing, he meekly replies that after all it is only one room and there are four of them in it; that the small boy who is clerk goes by the name of "Decimal Two Five," as representing his fractional relation to his various employers, and that each share of the expenses of the establishment does not exceed half-a-crown a week, which, he adds triumphantly, is as cheap as anybody can do it. Coote's cheerfulness is equal to everything, and though his heart is breaking as the scissors are about to descend upon his gown, he offers to sacrifice his wig too, in the hope that it might boil down into something nutritious for baby. Just then there is a knock at the door, the clerk rushes in with a miraculous brief and a fifty-pound cheque, and the wig and gown are spared. The case for which Coote is engaged is, as usual on the stage, highly mysterious, and it will be safer not to attempt to describe it too precisely. It arises out of a claim to the Kinrentie title and estates by a man who, as the audience know, is an impostor and adventurer, aided by a villainous friend of the late lord. Everything is genuine in their case except the claimant. Their papers are genuine and attest that Lord Kinrentie before his death contracted a clandestine marriage, and left a child. Siel, the villain, took charge of this child on his mother's death, and now vouches for Strickett the impostor. They fear, however, that under close examination their story would break down, and hit upon the expedient of getting Coote, who is utterly incompetent, foisted on the other side as counsel. The scene in court is of course pure burlesque, but it is extremely funny, and there are touches of irresistible caricature in Coote's confusion and bewilderment. He has been brought to worry the witnesses, and complains that they worry him. He is told to come down on them like a thunder-clap, and they anticipate the operation before he gets his senses together by coming down on him. His brief is always upside down, and his papers fly about like a snow-storm. He assumes the case presented by his opponents, argues down his own side, and makes admissions against his client. In his confusion he sharply cross-examines the empty witness-box, and becomes an object of contemptuous pity to the judge, and merriment to the public in court. At last Siel comes into the box and tells a plausible story; but a reference to the grave of the mother of the child whose identity is in question suddenly awakens a train of recollections in Coote's mind, and it dawns upon him that he himself must be in reality the missing heir. His scattered thoughts are then concentrated, his questions become a succession of home-thrusts, and the witness, helpless in his grasp, falls into a significant swoon when the counsel produces an old pocket-book and portrait which are supposed to be conclusive evidence of his claim. The briefless barrister thus becomes a rich lord, and presumably gives up his share of the chambers in the Temple and of "Decimal Two Five." It will be seen that this piece is rather farce than comedy, and that it has no pretensions to be accepted as a picture of actual life. It is not a piece to reason about, but to laugh at, and the laughter is abundant and unceasing. The burden of it naturally falls upon Mr. Toole, who amid his drolleries displays those qualities of genuine humour and artistic perception which have made him the most popular of comedians. In another play just produced at the Holborn Theatre Mr. J. S. Clarke plays an intriguing attorney with characteristic facial grotesqueness.

DR. DÖLLINGER ON THE LATE KING OF SAXONY.

THE Funeral Oration on the late King John of Saxony pronounced by Dr. Döllinger on March 23, before the Scientific Academy at Munich, has just been published. The connexion between the Royal Houses of Saxony and Bavaria, and the fact of the late King being himself a member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, was naturally referred to at the opening of the address as special reasons for paying honour to his memory at Munich. But the characters both of the speaker and the subject of the discourse give it a more than merely local interest. King John did not play an important part in European history, and hence his name is less known than it deserves to be beyond the limits of Germany. Dr. Döllinger has shown that he discharged his royal duties with excellent judgment and patriotism; but his speciality was literature, and in this department he takes very high rank. His early training was in many ways remarkable, and the "dark shadows which clouded his boyhood," of which the lecturer speaks, may perhaps have first given to his fine intellectual features that serious and almost sad expression which can hardly have failed in his later days to strike the eye of even the most casual observer. His father took great pains with his education, and one of his earliest teachers was the famous Baron Wessenberg, who, as Vicar-General of the diocese of Constance, effected so many religious reforms in

what would now be called the Old Catholic direction, and whose election by the Chapter in 1817, as successor to Bishop Dalberg, Pius VII. therefore refused to sanction. The see of Constance was in fact eventually suppressed by a fresh Concordat, in 1827, in order to evade the difficulty. The circumstance of his not being originally heir to the throne, to which he only succeeded in his fifty-third year on his brother's unexpected death, left the young prince more free to follow his natural bent in the matter of learning. But he had the teaching of adversity as well as of books. He was still a boy when the defeat of Jena reduced the King his uncle to vassalage, and Saxony was afterwards cut down to half its former dimensions. But these trials only served to strengthen his character, and for a country like Saxony, whose influence and rank depend so much on its intellectual position, there was a peculiar fitness in a sovereign so many-sided in mind and of so extensive a range of knowledge, who even as a private person would have held an exceptionally high place in the republic of letters. It is not wonderful that under his rule the University of Leipzig should have attained the first place and the largest number of students among German Universities. Prince John had also made criminal law his particular study, and his Report on this subject, presented to the Upper Chamber in 1838, is still cited as a valuable document. On coming to the throne his intellectual and moral qualities gained him the mingled respect and affection of his subjects. "He knew how to command, but his authority was always tempered by forbearance and scrupulous consideration for others. What he required of them, he was himself in his unwearied diligence ready to fulfil. His determination to see everything with his own eyes led him to make frequent journeys to outlying regions of the country which none of his predecessors had visited." He maintained a free and genial intercourse with all classes of his people, and both trusted them and was loved and trusted by them. Dr. Döllinger calls attention especially to his admirable appreciation of his duties as the Catholic sovereign of a mainly Protestant population. It is equally honourable to himself and to them that in this difficult position he should have enjoyed their entire confidence, but they were penetrated with the conviction that, devoted as he was to his Church (he was a man of deep personal piety), their King was "too cultivated and conscientious to allow himself to be made the tool of hierarchical schemes and encroachments." It had been his desire and intention to go to Rome in 1870, in the hope of warding off the anticipated decrees of July 18, of which as an historical scholar he had measured the evil significance, while as a statesman he foresaw their inevitable result in Germany. But failing health and the attitude of indifference assumed by the various Courts and by Catholic society generally prevented the execution of this design, which, as the lecturer observes, could have procured him nothing but disappointment. Nor was he less exemplary in his private than in his public life. A watchful care for the training of their children has long been an heirloom in the Saxon dynasty, and in this respect King John was a pattern to his people.

But after all it was chiefly, as was intimated before, in his literary capacity—not as King of Saxony, but as "Philaethes," to use the name he gave himself—that the royal translator of Dante into German will be generally and permanently remembered. And this is so rare a distinction among crowned heads that the lecturer not unnaturally turns aside to glance at such few parallel instances as offer themselves. On such a point peculiar weight must attach to the comments of a man like Dr. Döllinger, whose lifelong devotion to incessant literary labour has raised him to the first rank among European scholars, while yet he has never alienated himself from the interests and duties of active life; from 1845 to 1847 he represented his University in the Bavarian Chambers, and in 1848 was elected to the national Parliament of Frankfort, and took an active part in its proceedings. He reminds us that if we look through the centuries there are very few, even in the most cultivated nations, who have decked the crown of sovereignty with the wreath of authorship. Neither the education nor the ordinary surroundings of royal households tend to develop such a taste, and the more urgent motives which impel so many to seize the pen are of course wanting. Nor is it common to find among even the best of princes that ripe practical sense and perfect self-mastery which would dispose them "to plunge into the sea of science and literature as a refreshing bath," in the pauses of active business. "That is a divine gift which Providence has only bestowed at long intervals on a few chosen ones." Frederick II. possessed it in an eminent degree; Louis I. of Bavaria and Napoleon III. knew something of it. But John of Saxony is a pre-eminent example of this happy combination of the two kinds of activity. And the explanation may partly be sought in a peculiarity already noticed which he shares with most of the royal authors who have preceded him. They were not "born in the purple," and received accordingly an education intended to fit them for another line of life. This is true of Marcus Aurelius, Alfred, Henry VIII., the Greek Emperor John Cantacuzene, and the Polish King Stanislaus Leszczyński. Sometimes, too, in an age of ferment and transition kings have been swept into the torrent, and thus Henry VIII. and James I. were eager to throw the weight of their own learning into the scale. But James is a solitary example of the pride of authorship actually eclipsing the sense of kingship, for he is said to have prized his assumed victory over a Dutch theologian above any political success. We may often detect the same kind of personal or apologetic motive for royal authorship. Thus King Louis I. of Bavaria felt the necessity of justifying his very idiosyncratic selection of the worthies whose busts adorn the

Valhalla near Ratisbon. The Memoirs of the Empress Catharine and some historical writings of Frederick II. have a similar origin. Still more obviously was Louis Napoleon's *Cesar* an historical apology for the *coup d'état* of December and the system of government based upon it. On the contrary, the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius are the simple outpourings of a lofty but unhappy spirit, weighed down under the burden of Imperial responsibility and the profound conviction of the nothingness of all human things. But the noblest specimens of royal authorship are those inspired by a pure desire of the sovereign to raise the intellectual standard of his subjects. Of this we have two bright examples in mediæval history supplied by the English Alfred and Alfonso X. of Castile. The former strove, by translating Latin works, to rekindle the love of study in a people demoralized by long wars; Alfonso, who was unfortunate as a ruler and general, is an almost singular phenomenon in literature. Amid the manifold trials of a long and unprosperous life, he contrived pretty well to surpass all his contemporaries in cultivation and knowledge; he was at once poet, historian, mathematician, astronomer, legislator, and a master of style, the creator of Castilian prose. He collected books from all quarters, and made them accessible to his people through translations, while, by the writings he composed, or encouraged others to compose, he provided them with the beginnings of a native literature. Not less exceptional, but in a very different sense, is the position of Frederick II. of Prussia, the most copious of royal authors, whose works fill thirty volumes. But to him composition was the practice, not the business, of life, and, unlike Alfonso, he did not write for the benefit of his subjects, he never wrote in their language, and generally with no view of publication. He wrote partly to make up for the want of any family life, partly to satisfy the cravings of a restless and indomitable energy, but also, as he himself tells us, "pour se corriger lui-même." And thus, if we except his historical writings and his letters, most of his works have fallen into a not unmerited oblivion.

In this princely fellowship of scholars John of Saxony has no equal, at least in the variety and completeness of his learning. Frederick II. could not even read Latin, but John was familiar from an early age with the best classical authors, Greek and Latin, as well as Fathers and Schoolmen, and afterwards mastered Sanscrit. A youthful tour in Italy first woke in his mind the taste for Italian literature, and especially for Dante, to which he remained faithful through life. And hence, with all his powers and opportunities for original composition, he devoted years of patient toil to the humbler but most praiseworthy and serviceable task of a translator and expositor of the *Divina Commedia*. Yet he knew well that Dante could never become popular, in the sense that Shakspeare is popular, in Germany; for five hundred years he has remained almost unknown there, ignored even by Herder and Schiller, and coldly looked on by Goethe. But the King did not think his labour of love would be wasted if he could do something to enlarge and enlighten the little circle of Dante's worshippers in Germany, who thirty years ago could almost be counted on the fingers. For it is the singular characteristic of the great Florentine to excite in all who approach him a personal sentiment of attraction or repulsion, which deepens in proportion to their familiarity with his works. None can remain indifferent to him, but they are either repelled by what Goethe calls his "adverse and often horrible greatness," or they learn to reverence him as a master, guide, and friend. For Dante was indeed at once humble and proud. He has become his own accuser, and has done public penance before his contemporaries and posterity, while he yet recognized his high dignity as a teacher and prophet sent by God to prepare the way for a general reformation and regeneration of peoples and States, and of the Church. The lecturer goes on to point out how the adverse circumstances of his life, and the very illusions of the great poet, contributed to the perfection of that master-work which stands alone without a rival before or after. "It was the boldest thought that ever filled man's mind to create a poetical microcosm, to represent, as it were, to the eyes of the Creator His world, both visible and invisible, and to make this world-poem at once a theodicy and a mirror of the history of all time. . . . The poem is to those who can penetrate its depths a mirror of the world's history, so true, so clear, so full of suggestiveness, that there is nothing like it of ancient or of modern date." Dante has made himself the centre round which the forms of things heavenly, earthly, and under the earth revolve; in his own person he traces the progress of the soul from sin to conversion and illumination, from bondage to that state of freedom and complete independence where it is its own king and pope, and looks down as from the glory of Paradise, and yet with a glowing sympathy, on the course of the world beneath its feet. If it be read ten times the poem constantly reveals new and inexhaustible depths of meaning. No one can understand the middle ages without studying Dante; but immense help for the understanding of the life and thought of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries may be derived from King John's Commentary; and the student cannot fail to marvel as well at the wide range of his knowledge as at his easy mastery of it, and his excellent judgment in the use of his authorities. Nor does he less deserve our gratitude for guarding us against the errors of critics like Rossetti and Aroux, who have metamorphosed the truest man of his age into a mysterious adherent of secret heretical sects, or a half-ashamed prophet of modern pantheism, or a preacher of Italian unity under the cloak of religion. King John, the lecturer concludes, will live in the memory of the German nation as one of

the best of its princes; he will live also in the world of science and literature, and in the blessings of which he has been the source in his person and in his works, which will survive when his outward form has faded from popular remembrance.

Those who have read the powerful and pointed address delivered by Dr. Döllinger ten years ago before this same Academy on the death of King Maximilian will not need to be told that he is as felicitous in these occasional monographs as in his larger and more laborious works. No two Sovereigns could well be more unlike in their character and career than Maximilian II. of Bavaria and John of Saxony. But in either case the lecturer has not only seized the salient points of his subject, but has turned it to account in unexpected ways from the rich resources of his active and well-stored mind. We trust that the more extensive historical and doctrinal works on which he is understood to have been engaged since the Vatican Council may in due time see the light. It is surely a strange irony of fate that the greatest living divine and champion of the Roman Catholic Church should have been one of the first selected, after a long interval, for the almost obsolete distinction of a personal excommunication.

THE CO-OPERATIVE "HEY, PRESTO!"

THE ecstasies into which some of the members of the Co-operative Congress have been thrown on the subject of co-operation remind one very much of the delight of Molière's shopkeeper when he suddenly discovered that he could talk prose. The Frenchman, however, followed up this discovery by another, which was that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. It would appear that the co-operative enthusiasts are only in the first stage of enlightenment. They are not yet fully aware that they have been co-operating ever since they were born, and that, in fact, co-operation has been going on from the beginning of the world. Co-operation is simply the first principle of human society. Even savages of the most primitive type perfectly understand that a single person can do very little by himself, and that they must work together. The co-operation about which the delegates at Halifax have been making such a fuss is only a very old story under a new name. When an old woman buys a penny loaf at a baker's shop, she and the baker are carrying on a co-operative society. When a workman accepts a job, or when an employer hires a workman, there is co-operation again. The co-operative societies of the present day are no doubt in a certain sense not precisely akin to these simple transactions; but the difference is little more than a matter of form. When a certain number of persons agree to set up a common store under a manager of their own appointment, who is to buy goods on their behalf and retail them at what they think fair prices, they are only doing what other persons do who deal with a particular shopkeeper who treats them to their satisfaction. In each case the customers choose and pay the purveyor; the only difference is that in one case they pay him a fixed salary, and in the other they let him make what he can out of the business. No amount of ingenuity can get rid of the shopkeeper, or secure his services without remuneration. And it is the same with productive co-operation. Every factory must have a manager, and whether the manager employs the men, or is employed by them, is only a detail. In either case he has to be paid for.

There can be nothing more ridiculous than to imagine that there is any magic in co-operation which alters the hard practical conditions of commercial production or distribution. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who presents a strange combination of shrewd common sense with a sour detestation of a particular class of the community which sometimes bewilders his judgment, and has led him to the conclusion that inherited property, and especially landed property, is the origin of all evil, made some very just remarks on this point at Halifax. He pointed out that the reason why the retail shops had suffered from competition with the co-operative stores lay in the false conditions under which the former are carried on. Anybody who considers the matter will see that this is really so. There is, first, the great waste of human labour in retail shops, because there are infinitely too many shopkeepers, and each shopkeeper is idling half his time and wasting money on a separate shop and separate staff which might be saved if half a dozen shops were knocked into one. Then there are the excessive charges to which the retailers are driven in consequence of the smallness of their trade; and, thirdly, there is the foolish and fatal credit system, which taxes honest people who pay in order that rogues may live in luxury for nothing. The co-operative stores are cheaply managed because they comprise a great many establishments under one roof, because they have a large and regular body of customers to keep them going, and because they have the advantage of cash discount for their purchases, and of no bad debts for their sales. They are also relieved from the expense of sending goods home, and they spend no money on plate-glass windows, decorated shop-fronts, or advertising. Anybody who chooses to do business under the same conditions can do so with the same advantages, without starting a company at all; and we are glad to see that many rational shopkeepers have in fact begun to do so. There are no means of avoiding the expenses of management and of a staff of assistants in a co-operative store any more than in an ordinary shop; but the expenses are proportionally less because only just as many persons are employed as are really wanted. Any one who observes the suicidal multiplication of

grocers' shops—often a dozen or more within a quarter of a mile—can easily understand why grocers are dissatisfied. It is not the co-operative stores that are cutting their throats; they are cutting their own throats. The fact is that every shopboy wants to be a master and have a shop of his own. This is a very silly pride, and there is no reason why customers should pay for its indulgence. Live and let live is all very well, but it must be carried out fairly all round. If a barrister or doctor, for example, is to be required to keep a grocer on a grocer's own terms, the grocer should be equally bound to do the same for the barrister or doctor. There are probably too many barristers and doctors; but a barrister who cannot get briefs, or a doctor who is shunned by patients, must either find some other occupation or starve. Grocers must do the same. Nothing can be more pernicious or insane than the idea which is entertained by most artisans and by many shopkeepers that because they have chosen to go into a particular line of business they ought to be supported in that business by the public. If a man cannot get a living in one way, he must try another or go to the workhouse.

The great danger of co-operative societies would appear to be in the fantastic and extravagant results which are expected from them. One speaker at Halifax said they would elevate humanity. Another said that they would substitute co-operation for competition. All this is, of course, sheer nonsense. The test of a successful co-operative store is simply whether it procures for the members articles of good quality at a cheap price. If it does that, the members will be so much better off than they would otherwise be; but their humanity will be just at its old level, if indeed it is not corrupted, as Mr. Goldwin Smith would fear, by savings invested in property. Again, co-operation can no more put a stop to competition than it can turn the world upside down. Competition will go on exactly as before. One store will compete with another, and with the shopkeepers. The manager of the store will try to get as big a salary as possible, just as the shopkeeper tries to get the largest profits. These remarks apply equally to co-operative production. Wages are wages whether they are called by that name or by the name of dividends, and nothing can be more childish than to suppose that there is anything degrading in being paid by an employer, or that a man is raised in the moral scale because his earnings are called a share of the profits. The great merit of the co-operative system was pointed out in Mr. Brassey's wise and moderate address. It is this—that it supplies a practical test of what is a fair division of profits between labour and capital. The workman is interested in both capacities. He is not likely to form too low an estimate of the value of his own labour, and, on the other hand, he has also to determine what is a reasonable return for his capital. As Mr. Brassey said, if ever co-operative production is established on a sufficiently extensive scale we shall have a universal gauge of the workmen's rightful claims. Workmen who are members of co-operative societies will have no right to complain of a rate of wages fixed by themselves; and, at the same time, workmen who are employed in the ordinary way can be referred by their employers to the rate of wages which has been fixed in co-operative establishments by other workmen. There can be no doubt that, if men were wise and co-operation practicable, co-operation would be substituted for strikes. If workmen were dissatisfied with their wages, they would turn to their employer and say, "You keep too large a share of the profits to yourself; if you do not give us more, we shall set up a rival factory, and engage a manager of our own, who will do your part of the work at a lower figure." On the other hand, the employer would reply, "Well, I don't choose to carry on my business for less than I get, and if you go, I must look out for other workmen." If the men could get a manager who would supervise the business and make contracts for them as well as their employer for a salary which left them a larger margin of income for division among themselves than they obtained under an employer, they would be in the right. If the employer could get workmen on his own terms, he would be in the right; and neither party would have any ground for abusing the other. What workmen usually forget is that it is much easier as a rule for a master to find workmen with hands for mechanical work than for workmen to find a man who has head enough to carry on a prosperous trade. If they once understood that they must either submit to their employer's conditions, or find another employer who would give them what they want, or try going into business on their own account, there would be an end of strikes.

It is impossible to exaggerate the advantages of co-operation as a means of settling trade disputes and producing a kindly harmony between managers and men. The only question is how far it is really practicable. The fact that there are at present a considerable number of co-operative producing societies in actual work shows that the experiment is being tried, and by and by we shall see with what results. It may be doubted whether the real difficulty does not lie in human nature. If the Co-operative Congress could contrive any means of going back for a few generations and making men over again in a new way, we should be more hopeful as to the working of co-operative enterprise. It can hardly be denied that there are a great many more men who are capable of doing all that is required from mere handicraftsmen than there are men fit for the duty of managing a large business, selecting a good staff, keeping it up to its work, watching the markets, knowing when to push production, when to pause and lie by, where to get materials cheapest, where to find safe and solvent customers.

If the workmen are capable of doing this sort of work themselves, they must be great fools to do mechanical work at mechanic's wages. If they are incapable of doing it, they must get somebody to do it for them; and, whether the person who does it is called employer or manager, he is certain to ask and to command his price. The question, however, is not merely one of money. Is it likely that a competent manager, who is presumably in education, intelligence, and general ability greatly superior to common workmen, and who has, moreover, to bear the burden of an enormous responsibility, will submit to be the servant of, and to be ruled by, his subordinates? Everybody is liable to make mistakes, and when a paid manager made a mistake it would be pretty certain that the workmen would make a row about it; he would probably either resign or be dismissed; and no great business could be successfully carried on with a frequent change of managers. When an employer makes a mistake the consequences fall upon himself. Then there is the difficulty of capital. Working-men do not possess the command of a large capital. If they have to borrow capital they merely find themselves in the hands of an employer under another name. Again, supposing they have enough capital of their own to start with, how is it to be retained in the same hands? Either each working member must make himself a life-long slave to the society, or he must have the option of selling his interest in it when he chooses. If shares are sold, then here again the ordinary capitalist comes in, and workman and capitalist are separated. At the Halifax Congress it was stated in a draft Report that a great deal of gambling went on in the shares of co-operative societies, and this was very much resented by a section of the delegates. It was finally agreed to call the gambling, since the fact could not be denied, "over-speculation." But this does not get rid of the fact. There are reverses in all branches of commerce, and there is no reason to suppose that co-operative societies are specially insured against bankruptcy. A collapse of this kind, or even a momentary decline in profits, would be a crushing blow to poor workmen. An employer, with a large capital at his back, can afford to tide over a dull season, to carry on business even at a loss, and to balance prosperity at one period against misfortune at another. With working-men, on the contrary, every fluctuation of trade would be likely to tell severely. On the whole, with every desire to see co-operation succeed, we cannot pretend to be very sanguine about it. Hitherto the world has walked on its feet, and it will perhaps be well to wait till the experiment of walking on the head with the legs in the air has been more fully tested before recommending it for general adoption.

EASTER AMUSEMENTS

IF Brighton is too far for a Volunteer Review on Easter Monday, Wimbledon is decidedly too near. It is not desirable to repeat the performance of last Monday; and unless a force as large as that under review be employed to keep the ground, it does not seem possible to exclude the innumerable multitude of people that turns out of London on a fine day. It begins to look, indeed, as if the general holiday had been made too general, for the crowds who are bent upon enjoying it have become so big that everybody is in the way of everybody else. It certainly is hard upon the Volunteers. The railways can no longer carry them to the coast; and if they attempt to get a day's manœuvring within marching distance of London, they are overwhelmed by a vast unmanageable mob. It is a pity that this should be so, because there are only two or three days in the year on which a large muster can be expected, and it is to be feared that on these days no useful training is likely to be got. If it be possible to have too much of a good thing, we should say that this is an example. No person who can postpone a journey now makes it on Easter Monday. There are the Londoners rushing into the country, and the country people rushing up to London. It may perhaps appear surprising that people should go to the British Museum on a fine day, but they do. It is a serious drawback to that institution, considered as a place of amusement, that there is no adequate convenience for picnicking among the statues. The majority of holiday-makers like to take a basket with them, and spread its contents upon a bit of turf or a bench, having a free flow of beer in the vicinity. If the publicans were not, with good reason, shy of giving statistics of their trade, we should like to know some particulars of the business done by them on Easter Monday at good suburban sites. It must have been enormous.

The newspapers describe a place of amusement called the People's Garden, situate at Old Oak Common, Willesden. It belongs to a Co-operative Company, and was visited by members and their friends to the number of 3,000. There are extensive croquet grounds, a cricket ground of eight acres, a running ground, bowling alleys, gymnastic appliances, and a dancing platform, "the largest in the world," which seems to have been freely used. It is difficult to understand how all this can have been done by a subscription of 1*l.* per share, but, if it has, we should pronounce this one of the most successful and useful of Limited Companies. We suppose that the band will be a nuisance to the neighbourhood if there be a neighbourhood, but as the admission is confined to members and their friends, it will not be in other respects such a nuisance as Cremorne has been to Chelsea. We observe that Cremorne was open on Easter Monday, and there were theatrical amusements and fireworks, but no dancing. We always hear on

these occasions a great deal of the North Woolwich Gardens, which are a favourite resort of the East-Enders. They are doubtless worthy of the patronage they enjoy, and a site on the flat Essex marsh which skirts the Thames is at any rate suitable for dancing, which seems to have been the favourite amusement on Easter Monday. We wonder, by the way, whether the managers of the Crystal Palace will ever go so low as to erect a dancing platform in the garden. Of course it would ruin the gentility of the Palace, and if gentility pays better than numbers the Directors had better keep to it. But if the Palace existed in a Continental city a dancing platform would be the first thing provided. It seems that there were some miserable attempts at dancing on the grass, and there was music, but it was classical or sacred. We should like to know whether it would pay to build a dancing platform to be used by vulgar people only on Easter Monday and other holidays of the million. We fear, indeed, that it would break the hearts of all the young ladies of the neighbourhood to hear a good band playing quadrilles and valse in which they were not allowed to share. But it deserves seriously to be considered whether music has been sufficiently used as a civilizing agent with the population of London. Girls would soon catch the love of dancing, and they would teach it to the young men. Anybody may see that who watches the gutter children dancing to a hurdy-gurdy on the pavement. Many of the girls dance admirably, and here and there a boy dances well, but usually in a grotesque style. But when the sons and daughters of respectable mechanics and tradesmen begin to grow up there is almost no place except North Woolwich where they can dance, and thus, if they have the taste, it is suppressed. Much of the solemn talk that we hear about the temptations of the public-house would be answered by providing places where, at least in fine warm weather, people could do something else than drink. We do not know to what class in life the shareholders of the People's Garden belong, but they evidently possess good sense, and know how to promote cheap and rational enjoyment. Even in circles rather higher, it is a great pity that something of the kind cannot be done. It is an awful nuisance to have to prepare a moderate-sized London house for a ball, and the guests do not thoroughly enjoy themselves in the crowd and heat. Did it ever occur to the residents in a London square to build a pavilion in the centre of it, and dance there in the summer evenings? Of course we are aware that Mrs. Jones does not visit Mrs. Smith, and that there are other practical difficulties wholly unsurmountable. But, permitting ourselves to theorize for a moment, what realms of forbidden pleasure seem to be open to us! If it were not for the inexorable Mrs. Grundy, we might do as those sensible but vulgar people do in their Garden at Willesden. There is plenty of musical talent in London, and the bands at the theatres often play valse and galops well enough to break the hearts of those who can only sit and listen to them. But there is, for the size of the place, very little dancing.

The alarming popularity to which holiday-making has been carried may be judged from the fact that there were close upon forty thousand visitors at the Zoological Gardens on Monday. The reporters are perhaps inclined to exaggerate the pressure of these crowds, as they have a notion that the more the merrier—at least, in print. But still, when it comes to attempting to see a lion or tiger through the medium of several human bodies, we should say, if it were not a holiday, that it was dreadfully hard work. The monkeys in their house are sufficiently disagreeable without the addition of a struggling, reeking mob. If this is the only opportunity you have in the year of seeing wild animals, and if, after all, you do not see them, it begins to appear desirable that either you or somebody else should take holiday at a different time. Perhaps when all the places of public amusement become so full on Easter Monday that nobody can see anything at all, there will be a reaction against the present mania for shutting up all the shops and offices in London at the same time. It is rather a serious consideration that a certain proportion of visitors to the Zoological Gardens feed the animals, and if the number of visitors should be very large some of these animals might be tempted to over-eat themselves, and perhaps require physic next day. Happily they have constitutions adapted either to gorge or starve, and probably the crowd would kill one another by pressure before they killed a bear by excess of buns and biscuits. We do not know whether the same people make excursions into Epping Forest or down the river in the morning and return in time for the theatres in the evening. But certainly the Britannia and the Standard always provide special attractions for Easter Monday. At the former of these houses a drama has been produced which we are told "appeals to the sympathies of patriotism, of friendship, of love." The scene is laid in the Low Countries, under the government of the Duke of Alva, and when the stage becomes "lurid with the glare of the fires in the Grand Square, where the *auto-da-fé* is in progress," we think that the most insensible of spectators must own that he is having something like a holiday. The heroine is married to an elderly Fleming, and has a young friend of her husband for a lover. In order to save her lover, she betrays a plot in which her husband is implicated to Alva. Her husband is brought out to die, and with his last breath he exhorts his young friend to punish his betrayer, who turns out to be the woman who is in love with his young friend. This matter being cleared up, the friend rushes off to claim the privilege of death with the other patriots or conspirators, and the

wicked wife dies upon the stage. In fact, everybody seems to be dead except Alva, and this is doubtless the sort of thing that the East-Enders like. It gives one a cold creep to think how the leading characters must rant.

REVIEWS.

RACINE.*

THAT many Englishmen will resort to the works of Racine as a source of poetical enjoyment is greatly to be doubted. The comedies of Molière command a large body of readers everywhere; but a gulf stands between the Teutonic race and the tragedians who flourished in the golden age of French literature. Quite apart from the old controversy between the Classic and Romantic schools, it is the established belief on this side of the Channel and on the other side of the Rhine that, if the word "classic" has anything to do with Hellenism (as French conservatives suppose), Racine is not any more than Victor Hugo a successor of Sophocles. In the last century, it is true, versions of "classical" French works were not unfrequent on the London stage; but they have vanished even from the memory of all save the readers of the old essays and the students of theatrical records. When it is said that Lessing freed the stage from the trammels of French convention, it is assumed without further inquiry that he did a very good thing. But, however Racine may be esteemed as a poet, there is no doubt of his vast importance as a writer of the French language, and as a leading figure in the history of a literature that played a great part in the progress of European civilization; and the student of a past age who, setting aside likes and dislikes, sincerely desires instruction, cannot feel otherwise than grateful for M. Mesnard's superb edition of the complete works of Racine, which forms part of the series *Les grands écrivains de la France*, published under the superintendence of M. Ad. Regnier of the Institute.

Never was there a more complete apparatus for the study of a standard author than has been furnished by M. Mesnard. The edition fills eight bulky volumes, and there are, moreover, two supplements, one containing the music proper to some of Racine's lyrical pieces, the other an "Album" containing the poet's portrait, his coat of arms, autographs, maps, copies of medals—everything, in short, that can illustrate the subject. The eighth volume is of a purely philological character, being a lexicon to Racine, in which every word is accompanied by appropriate quotations, preceded by a grammatical introduction. Of the works the text has been collated throughout, M. Mesnard going through labours analogous to those of a Greek editor who is in possession of a new codex. His great authority is an edition of 1697, published shortly before the death of Racine; but his margin abounds in various readings drawn from other sources. On the biography he has bestowed the greatest pains, preferring the chance of being tedious to that of leaving the slightest fact or even plausible conjecture unrecorded. Not only does he give an elaborate "Notice biographique" in addition to the "Mémoires" written by the poet's son Louis, but every single play is preceded by a notice stating in ample detail the circumstances of its production. If the student, after steadily going through the eight volumes, is not almost as intimate with Racine as Boileau himself, it is not the fault of M. Mesnard. When the story becomes foggy, as it not unfrequently does, the editor always supplies torches to the best of his power.

Having described the merits of the new edition, we may say something of the poet, as seen under the newest light. Jean Racine was of a tolerably old family, belonging to what may be called the official middle class. Jean Racine, the first of his ancestors who can be mentioned with certainty, was a collector of royal revenues, including the salt duties for the duchy and domain of Valois. His employment gained him the right to a coat of arms, which of itself implied a sort of nobility; but this distinction by no means filled with pride the heart of his great-grandson the poet, who, used to the Court of Louis XIV., did not scruple to confess that he was by no means of lofty extraction. Old Jean, who had married one Anne Gosset, died in 1593, leaving behind him a numerous family, among whom was a second Jean Racine, who became Comptroller of the Salt-duties at La Ferté-Milon (near Crespy-en-Valois), and married Marie des Moulins, sister of a widow who had taken the vows at Port Royal, and had there been appointed Cellaress (*Cellière*). Thus at this early period we find that connexion between the poet's family and the celebrated Society which had so great an influence on his life. In his little town the second Jean built a house, which we believe is still shown, and ordered his arms to be painted on the windows. The escutcheon was one of those heraldic puns by no means uncommon in the olden time, comprising a "rat" and a swan ("cygne," then pronounced "cynne"), which made together the name "Racine"; and the painter on glass, who thought to please his patron by converting the rat into a wild boar, gave great offence, and found himself involved in a law-suit. The poet, who, as we have already seen, had no great reverence for the family nobility, evidently adopted the painter's view of the rat, and omitted the noxious animal altogether, without finding a substitute. Thus, when his arms were registered in 1697, they presented nothing but a swan, argent on an azure field,

* *Œuvres de J. Racine*. Par M. Paul Mesnard. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette & Co. 1873.

which may be found, beautifully illuminated, in M. Mesnard's "Album," and which enables the biographer prettily to call the swan "une cygne frère du cygne du Mantoue."

The second Jean and his wife, Marie des Moulins, had eight children, two of whom are important figures in the poet's biography. One is Agnès Racine, who at an early age joined Port Royal, where she became Abbess of Sainte Thècle; the other is the third Jean Racine, her senior by more than eleven years, who was born in 1615. This Jean was at first brought up as a cadet in the Guards, but at last settled at La Ferté-Milon, where he succeeded to his father's employment. In 1638 he married Jeanne Sconin, of that town, whose family was held in great respect, and formed another link between the poet and the Church. Pierre Sconin, brother of Jeanne, held several important offices, and creditably distinguished himself as the author of a Life of St. Vulgis, patron of La Ferté-Milon, which was dedicated to the Bishop of Soissons, in the name of all the inhabitants. Three of his sons belonged to the Society of St. Geneviève, of which one of them, Antoine, was abbot, and the whole race apparently consisted of persons of some note, either as ecclesiastics or as Government officials. His maternal relations, however, were lightly esteemed by the poet, who, making an exception in favour of his uncle Antoine, called them all a pack of bores (*de francs rustres*).

Fifteen months had elapsed since the marriage of the third Jean Racine and Jeanne Sconin, when a son was born to them, who on the 22nd of December, 1639, was christened Jean—the child's maternal grandfather, Pierre Sconin, and his paternal grandmother, Marie des Moulins, officiating as sponsors. This fourth Jean, the poet, lost his parents at an early age. His mother died in giving birth to a daughter in January 1641, and his father, who took a second wife shortly afterwards, died in February 1643, when he was little more than three years old, leaving no inheritance behind him. It is supposed that of the two nephews little Jean was confided to the care of his paternal grandfather, and brought up by his grandmother Marie des Moulins, whom he always called "Ma bonne mère," and that Pierre Sconin took charge of the female infant, named Marie. There is no doubt that the future poet spent the greater part of his early youth at the house of his grandfather, the third Jean Racine, who died in September 1649, and whose death was immediately followed by the retirement of his widow, who joined her daughter Agnès at Port Royal. Young Jean was sent to the college of Beauvais, which he quitted in 1655 in order to receive the benefit of the instruction at Port Royal, where his chief preceptors were Lancelot, then renowned as a Greek scholar, and Nicolas, whose name is famous in the history of the Society, and who was regarded as an accomplished Latinist. A certain inconsistency prevailed in the instructions of those stern Jansenists. On the one hand, they took a position with regard to modern literature with which the Barebones Parliament might have sympathized; on the other, they were as ardent admirers of the ancient classics as they were rigid Puritans, encouraging a profound study of the Greek tragedians, and even translations of Terence. They were evidently influenced by the old belief, of which we find frequent traces in many modern historians, that they are two worlds, one antique, the other modern, which practically have nothing to do with each other, though books written in the former may be profitably used by inhabitants of the latter.

In 1658 Jean Racine quitted Port Royal, two years before the destruction of the small schools attached to it, and was sent to Paris, that he might go through his course of logic at the College of Harcourt, then in the hands of learned Professors of Theology and Philosophy. He was now under the care of a kinsman, Nicolas Vibart, intendant of the Duke of Luynes, at whose hotel he was afterwards regularly settled. There he became acquainted with La Fontaine and Le Vasseur, an *abbé galant*, who seems to have anticipated the class so familiar in the following century. Vibart was no severe Mentor, and as he completely ruled the hotel in the absence of his master, life passed merrily enough, and we soon find the Abbé procuring outlines of plays from Racine, that he might convey them to actresses. The austerities of Port Royal had for a while ceased to have their effect. Racine cultivated his poetical talent, while he entered freely into the dissipation of the age, and the first work from his pen which passed beyond the circle of his own private friends was an ode to the "Nymph of the Seine," printed in 1660. This was written to celebrate the King's marriage, and was submitted by Vibart to the judgment of Chapelain, who, though his fame afterwards declined, was a great man in his day, and of Perrault. Both honoured it with their approbation, and soon Racine began to test his powers as a dramatist. Two pieces which he began, *Amasie* and *Les amours d'Ovide*, were never completed; but the latter is worth mentioning on account of the fact that before he began writing he read and commented on the whole works of Ovid. In the edition of his works now before us are comprised remarks of Racine on the Olympian Odes of Pindar and the Odyssey of Homer, both referring to the Greek, and marginal notes to the productions of nearly twenty ancient authors, among which the Book of Job is included. The literary industry of Racine was marvellous, and those who do not care for him much as a poet must respect him as a conscientious scholar. The fame which the poet was gaining at Paris reached the ears of the doctors of Port Royal, and his aunt Agnès was strong in her remonstrances, especially respecting his association with comedians. He himself felt that he ought not to consult his own taste alone, but to seek some regular source of emolument. The tedious

history of his search after benefices, under the favour of one of the Sconin family, a man of great ecclesiastical influence, we gladly pass over, referring those of our readers who desire to know all about it to the elaborate biography of M. Mesnard. Through an ode, "La renommée aux Muses," written in 1663, and shown by the Abbé Le Vasseur to Boileau, who pronounced a favourable judgment upon it, Racine became acquainted with that renowned satirist, who through life remained his stanchest and most valuable friend. He was already acquainted with Molière, the director of the company at the Palais Royal, and presented him with his first tragedy, *La Thébaïde* (completed in 1663), which he had originally intended for the other company at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. La Fontaine, in a sort of novel entitled *Les amours de Psyché*, gives a picture, under feigned names, of the happy life he had with his three friends, Boileau, Molière, and Racine, whose characters he describes; and the work is still pleasant reading, though M. Mesnard does not fail to point out that at the time it was published the agreeable relations between Molière and Racine had received a rude shock. The cause of the rupture was the production of Racine's second play, *Alexandre le grand*, at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, when it had shortly before been brought out by Molière's troupe at the Palais Royal. From a quantity of somewhat conflicting evidence it may be gathered that the poet deserted his old friend on account of the very indifferent manner in which his play had been acted; and it seems to be an established opinion that the Palais Royal troupe excelled in comedy, but that tragedy was much better performed at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where Floridor, esteemed the best tragedian of his day, acted the principal parts. It is a singular fact that Racine did not withdraw his piece from the Palais Royal, but that two or three times it was acted simultaneously at both the rival houses.

In 1665, the year when *Alexandre* was first produced, the contest began to display itself between the respective connoisseurs of an older and a younger generation; one party espousing the cause of the venerable Corneille, who had rather fallen into neglect, the other believing that the veteran had found at least a worthy successor in the person of Racine. The remarks made at the time by St. Evremont on Racine's second play, which, it may be observed, turns on the contest between Alexander and Porus, will probably seem odd to English readers. The critic observes that the Indian hero ought to have a character different from that of a Frenchman; for when another climate and another soil produce animals and fruits dissimilar to those of Europe, the men are dissimilar likewise in countenance, and even appear to have another reason. Nevertheless Porus, whom Quintus Curtius describes as alike strange to Greeks and Persians, is in this play purely French—"Au lieu de nous transporter aux Indes, on l'amène en France." That St. Evremont is perfectly right there is no doubt, but to English ears it will appear singular that a fault which seems to pervade all the French tragedies of the so-called classical period should be pointed out as an exceptional defect in Racine's new play. In the midst of literary enemies in Paris, and the spiritual thunders which reached him from Port Royal, Racine continued his theatrical labours, and his pieces, after *Alexandre*, were written in the following order:—*Andromaque*, 1667; *Les Plaideurs*, 1668; *Britannicus*, 1668; *Bérénice*, 1670; *Bajazet*, 1672; *Mithridate*, 1673; *Iphigénie*, 1674; *Phèdre*, 1675.

The love affairs of Racine during his connexion with the French stage much interested his contemporaries, and when he became a "convert" Madame de Sévigné said of him, "Racine s'est surpassé; il aime Dieu comme il aimoit ses maîtresses." M. Mesnard, however, carefully surveying the evidence before him, comes to the conclusion that the poet, whom his countrymen regard as a great master in the art of theatrical love-making, was himself tolerably heart-whole. The first object of his affections seems to have been Madlle. du Parc, an actress more renowned for beauty than for talent, who belonged to Molière's company, and played one of the parts in *Alexandre* at the Palais Royal. When Racine quarrelled with Molière, she transferred her services to the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where she played *Andromaque* in the tragedy of that name, and apparently distinguished herself more than usual. She died in 1688, and her vacancy was supplied by a much more celebrated person, Madlle. de Champmeslé, whose name, by the way, was by her contemporaries usually spelt "Chammelay." She was the granddaughter of a President of the Parliament of Normandy; and, coming to Paris with her husband, first joined the troupe at the Marais. In 1670, being then about twenty-six years of age, she quitted the Marais for the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and made her *début* as Hermione in *Andromaque*. Racine had never seen her; and, holding that so mere a novice could not do justice to a part which is still considered one of the greatest in the French classical repertory, was at first inclined to stop away from the theatre. Afterwards he changed his mind, and so highly delighted was he with her acting that immediately after the performance, which was eminently successful, he hastened to her box, flung himself on his knees before her, and overwhelmed her with thanks and compliments.

A common belief that La Champmeslé was not only very ignorant, but very stupid, M. Mesnard is by no means ready to share. The following story, as told by Lemazurier in his *Galerie*, is not bad:—

La Champmeslé demandait à Racine d'où il avait tiré *Athalie*. "De l'Ancien Testament," répondit-il. "De l'Ancien Testament!" répliqua l'actrice; "eh, mais! n'avais-je pas oui dire qu'il y en avait un Nouveau?" Unfortunately for the authenticity of this story, it was impossible at the time of *Athalie* for Racine to come into contact with La

Champmeslé. The life of this actress was prodigate enough. Racine was by no means the exclusive object of her affections, and one of his rivals was Charles, the son of Madame de Sévigné, who in the year 1671 speaks of La Champmeslé as her "*belle-fille*." However, the relations between the poet and the actress continued for several years, and the connexion was not broken off until Racine found himself supplanted by the Count of Clement-Tonnerre. The punning epigram written on the occasion of this event is well known to the students of French literature:—

A la plus tendre amour elle fut destinée
Qui prit longtemps Racine dans son cœur ;
Mais par un insigne malheur
Le tonnerre est venu, qui l'a déracinée.

In 1673 Racine became a member of the French Academy, occupying the vacancy left by the death of the learned Mothe le Vayer, on whom, according to the well-known usage, he pronounced a formal eulogy. The speech seems to have been a dismal failure, but was forgotten among the plaudits bestowed on the *Mithridate*.

The retirement of the poet from the stage shortly after the production of *Phèdre*, still regarded as his masterpiece, arose, it is safest to assume, from a combination of motives, the relative force of which may be variously estimated. In the first place, he was disgusted by the efforts of a literary cabal, headed by the Duchess of Bouillon, to humiliate him by showing a marked preference for the *Phèdre* of Pradon, a poet who, save for his enmity to Racine, would now be entirely forgotten. Then came the influence of Aunt Agnès and Port Royal, for whom, in spite of outward appearances, he had always retained a profound affection and respect. The anxiety that he showed, even in his preface to *Phèdre*, to reconcile tragedy to the consciences of many pious persons by whom it is condemned, indicates a state of mental uneasiness as to the innocence of his occupation which does not appear in his earlier works, and this particular play was approved by the great Arnauld. The first impulse of Racine after his so-called conversion was to join the Carthusian order, but by the advice of his pious friends he resolved to contract a respectable marriage, and in 1677 took to wife Catherine de Romaunt, the daughter of a deceased notary, who seems to have been an amiable woman, not remarkable for wealth, beauty, or talent. However, she was an excellent housewife, and became the mother of seven children; and the happiest hours of the poet, after his marriage, seem to have been those passed in the bosom of his family.

The nomination of Racine and Boileau as historiographers to the King took place in the same year, 1677, and, bringing with it as it did a new occupation, may be set down on the list of motives which led to the abandonment of the stage. The office of recording the glories of Louis XIV. was no sinecure; in 1678 the poets accompanied him to Ghent and Ypres, and were present at the sieges of both towns, though, if we may trust the satirical remarks of the warlike aristocrats, who sneered at the two *bourgeois*, they were careful not to encounter more danger than absolute necessity required. The value of the results obtained by the joint labours of the two historiographers cannot now be ascertained. In 1726 their work perished in the flames which destroyed the house of Valincour (at Saint Cloud), with whom they had been deposited; but there is no reason to believe the malicious assertion that the only use which Racine made of his pen in his official capacity was to sign the receipts for his salary.

Neither his abandonment of the stage, nor his duties as historiographer, prevented Racine from complying with the request of Madame de Maintenon that he would write a play to be performed by her *protégées*, the young ladies of Saint-Cyr. They had already acted *Andromaque*, but the subject of this work was considered too profane, and the request of the pious favourite led to the composition of *Esther* and *Althée*, respectively performed at Saint-Cyr in 1689 and 1691. Even his Jansenist friends were satisfied with these Scriptural dramas, and M. Mesnard discovers in *Esther* passages which express the poet's sorrow over Port Royal, though the play was written at the instigation of one of its bitterest enemies.

Of the devotion of Racine to Louis XIV. there is less reason to doubt than of the perfect sincerity of his religious conversion; for it is an ugly little fact that, after his abandonment of the theatre, he did not scruple to write malicious epigrams against contemporary dramatists. But the relation between him and the "Grand Monarque" seems to have been that of a personal friend. The King liked the courtly manners of the poet; admired his face, which, if portraits are to be trusted, was very handsome; and in 1696, when attacked by a malady which deprived him of sleep, his greatest delight was to hear Racine read Plutarch's *Lives* at his bedside. Suddenly the tie is broken, and here again there is a mystery. The position of Racine at Court enabled him to be of service to his brethren of Port Royal, and his Jansenism was a probable cause of offence. On the other hand, mention is made of a paper suggesting means for alleviating the poverty of the people, and this, it is urged, may have had an injurious effect on the writer. For a discussion, we will not say a solution, of the question, we refer to the ample biography of M. Mesnard. Whatever may have been the cause of Racine's "disgrace," it seems to have occasioned his death, which took place in 1699, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. This at least is the opinion of M. Mesnard, who, anticipating the objection that a wound inflicted on his vanity as a courtier argues much weakness in the case of a poet, observes, "*Le dévouement de Racine à Louis XIV. était sincère; son attachement était un culte.*"

THE FOLK-LORE OF ROME.*

REPUTATION depends in not a few things more upon time than on positive merit. Many who are now honoured as poets of the seventeenth century have achieved their fame, whatever it may be, by verses which would do no credit to the weaker among the minor poets of our own day; and many a modern mathematical genius has been disappointed on finding that his supposed discoveries were old in the days of Euclid or Archimedes. The comparison has special force in the case of those who give themselves to the arduous task of gathering the unwritten folk-lore of any country. Their toil, far from being less, is even greater than it would have been forty or fifty years ago. Railroads and telegraphs have gone far towards placing an impassable barrier between the present and the past. The mingling of people from the four quarters of the heavens in almost every place has dealt the death-blow to the persistence of local traditions; and it is a mere question of time how soon the myth-hunter may have to give up his task as utterly hopeless. In the meanwhile he must seek here and there the fragments which may remain from the ancient feast, and seek them at the hands of those who are daily becoming more and more aware of the incongruity of the old thought with the new, and who are disposed to resent any questions which may seem to them much like a request to place a patch of old cloth on a new garment. Hence it may with little hesitation be asserted that the labours by which the brothers Grimm brought together their splendid harvest of Teutonic popular tradition were by no means so heavy as those which press on their followers at the present time, and that the merit of those who now seek to tread in their steps should be cheerfully and ungrudgingly acknowledged.

It is possible that some who fancy that they have brought to light a stock of new material may be deceived by their own want of knowledge or the defectiveness of their method. But there are no grounds whatever for supposing that this charge can be sustained against the collector of these Italian stories, who must take a place in the ranks of the scanty band amongst which are numbered such men as Grimm for German tradition, Asbjornsen and Moe for Scandinavian story, Campbell for the tales of the West Highlands, and Powell and Magnusson for the traditions of Iceland. Whether the harvest reaped on Italian ground be or be not as rich as that which has come from more Northern lands is a matter of comparative indifference. The soil may be, and probably is, for many reasons not so exuberantly fertile; but it is necessary that every country of Europe should be minutely scrutinized, and in one sense it will be scarcely a happy day when it may be said that the work has been finally brought to a close. The charm which led on the pioneers in the great work with a sense of constant freshness will have lost its power; and the task of assorting and classifying the treasures brought together by happier investigations will be both more laborious and less encouraging. Meanwhile the author of these Roman folk-tales has done much towards bringing about a consummation not altogether to be desired; and the ransacking, first of the Spanish, then of the Italian peninsula, has rapidly narrowed the bounds of future research. In addition to the names already mentioned, the great storehouse of Russian tradition has been opened by Afanasief for Russians and by Mr. Ralston for Englishmen, while the folk-lore of Albania and modern Hellas has been not less diligently ransacked by Hahn and other inquirers. On the whole, it may be feared that not much more remains to be done; but of the remaining portion of the task the most profitable and the most creditable is beyond doubt that which concerns itself with the preservation of actual popular traditions not yet committed to writing or to the still greater safeguard of print. We welcome therefore with greater pleasure this volume of Italian folk-lore because we found ourselves not long ago (March 8, 1873) compelled to speak less favourably of an attempt of the author to present in an English dress the Kalmuck stories of the Siddhi-Kur. Not only have we in the plan of the book a safeguard against the faults which marked the *Sagas of the Far East*, but the notes and introduction are wholly free from that irrelevant matter which may help to swell the size of a book, but which in the case of a work falling within the province of the comparative mythologist must deprive it practically of all value. At the same time it must be carefully noted that, although this work is strictly one with which comparative mythologists must deal, it was nevertheless not undertaken from their point of view. The author had read little, it seems, of Max Müller, nothing at all of Cox or of Angelo de Gubernatis.

The stories given in the volume fall under four classes. The first class, called *Favole*, answer almost exactly to the popular traditions of the Teutonic or Scandinavian world. The second class, entitled *Legendary Tales or Esempli*, are more strictly Italian, and embody the impressions left on the people by the lives of some among their most illustrious saints and teachers. The third, treating of ghost and treasure stories, exhibits some peculiar forms of Italian superstition; while the fourth, called *Ciarpe*, is represented by some tales in the collections of Grimm and Dasent, and by others which seem to be shared by Aryans and Turanians alike. But from the position of Italy, whether in the times of the Republic or of the Empire, or under the new order of things which has grown up with Christianity, there are necessarily no specially difficult or mysterious questions connected with the mode of the acquisition or transmis-

* *The Folk-lore of Rome*. Collected by word of mouth from the People. By R. H. Busk, Author of "*Patras*," "*Sagas from the Far East*," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

sion of these tales. At no time has Rome been cut off from intercourse with Northern or Western Europe; and so long as the radical idea of a story is the same, we may explain almost any amount of variation in detail without carrying back the problem through an appalling series of generations. It is otherwise with stories which have manifestly been handed down on Indian soil from age to age by unlettered peasants, who would have forgotten almost as soon as they heard them stories belonging to a civilization and a form of society indefinitely differing from their own, and which exhibit characteristics hopelessly inconsistent, it would seem, with any theory of conscious borrowing or even of gradual importation from other lands. In this light it cannot be said that these Roman folk-tales have the same value with the old Decian stories preserved by Miss Frere (see *Saturday Review*, May 9, 1868); but they have nevertheless a value of their own, as showing the action of Christianity on popular sentiment in Italy, in contrast with the effects following the same cause in Germany, Norway, or Iceland; and if the tales belonging to the first class in this volume must for English readers generally, and especially for English boys and girls, have a special charm, those which fall under the other heads are perhaps the more instructive.

Of the striking features in these latter stories none are more prominent than the ideas which attach a mechanical force to prayer, and which regard interruptions of what is supposed to be the order of nature with a calmness passing easily into the merri-ment of familiarity. Of these tales not a few are told of Philip Neri, the sainted founder of the Oratory; but one or two related of Father Vincent are even more significant. No difficulty is supposed to bar his eating of a whole codfish, bones and all, sent to him during an illness by the Father-General, with a charge that he was to be sure to eat it; and the tearing of his throat, which was the consequence, not only added nothing to the force of his malady, but was followed by the speedy and complete recovery of his general health. Vincent had to show obedience in other matters besides the devouring of codfish. The wonders wrought by him were so many that, in the opinion of the Father-General, his head was likely to be turned, and the needful command that he was to work no more miracles was issued accordingly, and strictly adhered to. His patience was to be severely tried. He happened to pass under the high scaffolding of a house which was being built, just at the moment when a labourer missed his footing, and fell over from the top:—

"Padre Vincenzo, save me," cried the man, for everybody knew Padre Vincenzo, and he had just seen him turn into the street. "Stop there," said Padre Vincenzo, "I must not save you, as the Father-General says I'm not to work miracles; but wait there, and I'll go and ask if I may." Then he left him suspended in the air, while he ran breathless to ask permission of the Father-General to work the miracle of saving him.

Some of these strictly Italian stories belong to a class from which Boccaccio drew the materials for his *Decameron*, and satirize, although with marked indulgence, the faults of seculars and regulars. A few relate to historical personages. Among these Pietro Baillardo has undergone a strange transformation from the Peter Abelard of the schools, while Heloise, still more strangely, has vanished from the tradition altogether. The great scholar becomes a mere sorcerer, who cheats the devil, and then extorts the forgiveness of the Redeemer by beating his breast with a large stone, until the crucifix before which he kneels is constrained from very pity to bow its head in token of his acceptance. In "Pret' Olivo," with one or two other tales, we have specimens of that free dealing with the most sacred subjects which passes into reckless daring in the Norse story of the "Master Smith," given by Dasent from Asbjornsen and Moe. In the latter tale Jesus Christ appears in a character not unlike that of Medeia, and the smith, having so frightened the devil as to be refused admission into hell, hurls his sledge-hammer into the door of Paradise, held ajar by St. Peter for the admission of a half-starved parol, and so secures his own entrance—a parody, it would almost seem, on the words which speak of the Kingdom of Heaven suffering violence, and the violent taking it by force. In the Italian stories the three wishes which are granted to the Master Smith for no particular reason are the rewards of hospitality offered without hope of recompense. The wary priest who is among the recipients of this bounty asks for a hundred years of life together with the power of giving to Death when she might come for him such orders as he might please, and of extorting absolute obedience. The tricks played on Death are much the same as in the Northern story; but when, having gained three more centuries of life, the priest at length expresses his readiness to go with her, he insists on journeying to heaven by way of hell, where he wins soul after soul from the devil by his skill in card-playing, until, when his cope is covered all over with them, Death declares that she can wait no more, and that she will not be bothered with carrying so many souls all the way to Paradise. At the celestial gate St. Peter demurs to the reception of souls which Death had brought up without having them properly consigned to her. The answer is that it was the priest's doing, not hers, and that she was bound by his Master to obey him. "My Master! Oh, then I'm out of it," said St. Peter; "only wait a minute while I just go and ask Him whether it is so." In another of these stories, in which the hero is a tavern-keeper, St. Peter runs to inform his Master that the man to whom he had given four centuries of life was at the gate with fifteen thousand other souls, who had no title to Paradise:—

"Tell him he may come in himself," said Jesus Christ, "but he has nothing to do to meddle with the others." Tell Him to be pleased to remember that when He came to my eating-shop I never made any difficulty how

many soever he brought with Him, and if He had brought an army I should have said nothing," answered the host; and St. Peter took up that message, too. "That is right, that is right," answered Jesus Christ. "Let them all in, let them all in."

We may admire the simplicity which can regard a tavern-keeper as having a clearer conception of duty than the Saviour himself; but the more gentle and tender spirit which marks these stories in contrast with their Northern counterparts is more prominent in the strictly mythical tales which belong to the common inheritance of the Aryan world—nay, it may be, of Aryan and Turanian and Semitic tribes alike. Many of the most beautiful of these are here, having lost somewhat perhaps of the rude force of the Teutonic versions, but having gained much in other ways from the softer colouring thrown over them. In truth, as the author has remarked, of knightly heroism and of exploits of marvellous valour the modern Roman folk-lore presents not the most distant trace—a marked comment on that change of character which the Dean of St. Paul's ascribes to the direct working of Christianity on the Italian mind. Of the beauty of these tales in their Italian dress there can be no question. Our old favourites of Rapunzell and Cinderella, of the Goose Girl and Katie Wooden Cloak, of Beauty and the Beast, and the Giant who had no heart in his body, are all here, as Filagrana, Cenorientola, Palombelletta, and Maria di Legno or Wooden Mary. Boots who sits among the ashes, the Great Fool of West Highland tradition, is here Scioecolone, who wins a fairer bride than any of his brothers, and, having thrown off the garb of humiliation, appears in all his splendour as a king. But even in those which are marked off most widely from the kindred tales of Northern land, we find that the story does little more than ring the changes on images common to a host of tales, and yet does so without losing one jot of its perpetual freshness. Thus in the beautiful story of Vaccarella we have the beneficent cow which befriends the dawn-maiden, and which, to the profound grief of the latter, the cruel stepmother is resolved to kill. The maiden hurries with the horrible tidings to the cow, and entreats her to run away. "There is no need for me to escape," replied Vaccarella; "killing will not hurt me. So dry your tears, and don't be distressed. Only after they have killed me, put your hand under my heart, and there you will find a golden ball." This ball is, of course, the same wonderful ball which figures in the legend of Cinderella, which falls into the water as the maiden in the German story sits playing by the wellside, and which can be fished up only by the Frog prince, the Bhaki of old Hindu tradition.

We may close each new volume of genuine popular stories, as they come at present in sufficiently rapid succession, with a feeling of regret that the rich mine from which they have been dug must at no distant day be exhausted; nor is this feeling of regret necessarily lessened by the thought that there may be an ample compensation in the advancement of the science which deals with their origin and growth, and which seems to accumulate yearly more and more evidence, tracing the thousand streams of popular tradition to a single source. In this great work the author of these Roman stories has done excellent service, and the present volume, while it instructs the learned, cannot fail to delight all who may open its pages.

A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.*

AN unscrupulous practice is said to have been invented by the young gentlemen of one of our public schools, with a view to beguile the tedium of frequent chapels, of binding up novels in the outward and visible similitude of prayer-books. Hardly less startling is the discrepancy between the titles and the contents of a good many works of the class which is known as light literature. That an attractive name may serve as a passport to public favour is likely enough; and in christening his work an author has a perfect right to endeavour to prepossess, by all legitimate means, the mind of the reading public in its favour. But, on the other hand, the reading public has a right to insist that the titles of books shall not be illusory and misleading. Unless they serve as signposts which may be trusted, it becomes impossible to thread the bewildering labyrinth of the circulating library with any degree of comfort. Unhappily, what may be termed the literary misdeemeanour of obtaining readers under false pretences is becoming increasingly common. One is inveigled into something very like a sermon under the guise of a novel, and lured into a political essay by the label which describes it as a book of travel. It must not be supposed that this growing "smartness" on the part of authors places their works in a favourable light, or adds to their chances of success. On the contrary, the feeling of resentment at having been duped disposes the provoked reader to deal out scanty justice even to their merits. A beggar who has been led to expect a penny, and receives a tract instead, is in no frame of mind to do justice to the motives of his benefactor. We have been led into this somewhat bitter train of reflection by the flagrant failure of the volume before us to fulfil in its contents the promise which its title holds out. What, in the usual acceptance of the word, is the meaning of a "salon"? It means a coterie of choice spirits male and female, an assemblage in which the clever men and women of the day pass in review and talk their best and brightest. It recalls the courtly gossip of a Horace Walpole, the epigrams of a Talleyrand,

* *A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire.* By Grace Ramsay. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

the charm of a Recamier, the meteoric flirtations of a Mackintosh and a De Staël. Granting that in the last days of the Empire the *salon* was for various reasons in a somewhat flabby condition, there were still men and women of mark who talked, and whose views of contemporary incidents it would be interesting to know. But what sort of substitute for any such record of the period is palmed off upon the reader in this volume? The first half is given up to the flimsiest gossip about milliners and dressmakers, and the last half to certain episodes of the thrice-told sieges of Paris. As a reprint of *feuilleton* literature supplied to a Catholic periodical in New York the book is intelligible enough. There are probably ladies in America for whom toilet tittle-tattle has an absorbing interest; but to dish up a hash of this kind, under a title which appeals to readers of a robust stomach and with more intellectual tastes, is a piece of sharp practice which we can by no means admire.

In the first chapter we are introduced to the *Parisienne en déshabille*, in the shape of a lovely Countess Berthe who is expecting a visit from her "manucure." Her bedroom may be taken to symbolize the unbridled luxury of the last days of the Empire. The dressing-table was a "miracle of artistic bubble evolved out of satin and lace," and its silver-framed mirror reflected a regiment of vermilion phials, boxes, and brushes, and "a variety of cunning little implements instinct with some occult power of beautifying for ever." The bed was an exquisite and elaborate creation of lace and white satin, and, shaded by these "appropriate" surroundings, rose a large ivory crucifix. In the adjoining boudoir waits a tall, young, good-looking stranger, "got up in all the outward trappings of a gentleman; an extensive display of snowy linen, unimpeachable tailoring, *ganté, botté*, in perfection; nothing overdone." Enter the Countess, "like a blonde nymph from under the blue cloud of the *portière*." She runs to greet her female visitor, taking no more heed of the gentleman with the snowy linen and unimpeachable trousers "than if he had been a bottle on the toilet-table." By and by the artist begins his work upon the fair hand which resigned itself passively to his beautifying skill. First he soaked the fingers in some fragrant essence, whose virtue it was to render the nails pliable; then he filed them; then he alternately anointed them with *pommade à la reine*, and brushed them with *poudre à l'Impératrice*, and polished them off with *crème à l'invisible*, and finally perfumed them with *baume à l'impossible*. All the time the Countess ran on discussing her own and her friend's most private and intimate concerns, "just as if he had been a bear at the North Pole." The "creature," however, as our author rather impolitely terms him, had a great soul, and proceeded in the course of the interview to utter some noble sentiments in connexion with his art. He requires two things in his "patients"—the first that they shall be *des femmes distinguées*, and the second that they should be sympathetic to himself. Money he looks on as mud. He has a *culte* for the æsthetic. The hand is the agent of power, and what may it not accomplish when wielded by a beautiful and distinguished woman? With this pleasantly optimistic assurance that beautiful and distinguished women invariably wield their hands for the happiness of the human race, M. Dalmonferac drops his pomatum-pot, and having bathed the tips of his own fingers in a basin of perfumed water, takes his leave.

Next we have Countess Berthe in a dressmaker's shop. It is the establishment of the great M. Grandhomme, under which thin pseudonym we are treated to a sketch of a sufficiently notorious *arbitre élegantissime*. Like M. Dalmonferac, M. Grandhomme exacted above all things that his *protégées* should be distinguished and sympathetic. Acting on this principle, he behaved with startling audacity in the distribution of his favours. An ambassadress would be kept "making antechamber," while the autocrat was deliberately devoting the energies of his milliner-mind to the decoration of some new beauty from the provinces. Into the sanctum of this capricious despot, with its "Asiatic splendour of furniture," few were privileged to enter. Those who did were rewarded by an exhibition of Madame Grandhomme "posing" in her lord and husband's "latest combination." On the day of our author's supposed visit the lady "posed as Marie Antoinette au Temple," and "anything more insolently picturesque than the pose from beginning to end it would be difficult to conceive." One is puzzled to understand how any "pose" in imitation of the unhappy Queen could be described as "insolently picturesque," and, still more, to understand how the historic black dress and white cambric kerchief could be regarded as one of M. Grandhomme's "latest combinations." The procedure in ordering a ball dress, though invested with a good deal of solemnity, is at least more intelligible. The Countess has ventured to suggest pink for her young friend. Thereupon the Oracle leads the way to a room brilliantly illuminated with wax-lights, leaving Marie Antoinette to continue her perfectly aimless "pose" for the delectation of another batch of visitors. Then follows a remarkable experiment. M. Grandhomme stretched out his hand, and, with the rapidity of magic, a "Satellite," whose talent had promoted her to the high post of assisting her master in his æsthetic combinations, "flew forward, with a cloud of *tulle* of every shade of rose, pink, and crimson, in the gamut of carmine." No suitable shade in the "gamut of carmine"—whatever that may mean—being discoverable, a "blue gamut" is called for, and applied to the girl's shoulders and cheek, only to be impatiently rejected. The great man is puzzled, and looks down intently at his boots. "Did you ever appear as a Naiad?" he presently inquires. "Never, monsieur," is the ingenuous reply. "I should be afraid of the

green." Apparently suspecting a disposition to poke fun at him, the Oracle loftily replies, "There is green and green." Finally one of those inspirations to which genius is subject seizes him. "You shall appear as a snow-storm," he exclaims; and then dictates to the "Satellite" a costume, of which we need only enumerate two details to show its ravishing originality—flakes of swan's-down descending on the waves, and icicles of crystal sprinkled from the head to the feet. No wonder that "Quel rêve!" burst from the lips of the destined possessor of this masterpiece as she clasped her hands in ecstasy.

After this we have a glimpse of the Countess Berthe in a bonnet shop. Madame Folibel, the great modiste, expounds her doctrine about that all-important article of dress. She is much exercised by the stupidity of English ladies who do not sufficiently realize the "supremacy of the bonnet." Of what avail, she argues, is a handsome dress, a fashionable shawl, costly fur, lace—an irreproachable *tout ensemble*, in fine—if the bonnet be unbecoming? All these are but the *rez-de-chaussée* and the *entresol*, while the bonnet is the *couronnement de l'édifice*. Madame Folibel's architectural metaphors strike us as somewhat coarse, but at least it shows her acquaintance with the political slang of the last days of the Empire. We cannot pretend to follow the Countess on her chequered career of dissipation. We have a sketch of her assisting at a charitable meeting, then at a Concert Musard, attended by four gentlemen—one, a tall *distingué*-looking Austrian, "squirting vinegar out of his eyes" at a handsome young Breton on whose arm the lady leaned, an Englishman whose "notablest idiosyncrasy" was an eye-glass, and "another of low stature with a Shakspearean head." A stranger retinue for a lady of the first fashion it is difficult to imagine. We understand the handsome Breton, but the Austrian with the vinegar-squirting-eye, and the Englishman with the idiosyncratic eye-glass, and, above all, the being darkly indicated as of low stature with a Shakspearean head, sound as if they were more calculated to adorn an international *ménagerie* than an open-air concert.

On one or two occasions we are permitted to hear how the strange beings who surround the Countess Berthe talk, and as this is the nearest approach to a "salon" discoverable in the volume, it is only fair to give a few specimens. They are mostly introduced by the definite article, as the Academician, M. le Sénateur, the Deputy of the Left, the Austrian *habitué*—another title for the hero of the vinegar-squirting eye—the *crévé* of the Faubourg, the Deputy of the Centre, sometimes called M. du Centre.

"I grant you that the signs are disquieting," assented the Senator, shaking his head.

"A sign to my mind much more to the purpose is that the nation is *mortellement ennuyée*," observed the Député du Centre, with a weighty emphasis on the adverb; "when France 'ennuies' herself it is time to cry *Gare!*"

"*Gare à qui?*" said the Princess de M—.

"To the Government, Madame. We have had this one now *eignteen* years, three years beyond the lease France usually gives to any Government, and the people are sick of it. Paris especially is *ennuyée* to death of late."

"Paris is always *ennuyée*, unless she has an Exhibition or a war or a carnival of some sort to keep her in good humour," said Berthe; "but Paris is not France."

"Paris, c'est le monde," replied M. du Centre, with a melodramatic accent.

"Le monde; non," protested Madame de M—; "le demi-monde peut-être."

This is a kind of talk which, though somewhat commonplace, gives one no reason to doubt the sanity of the distinguished politicians by whom the Countess Berthe was surrounded. But later on at a wedding-breakfast the "Austrian *habitué*" takes up his parable on the subject of England and Russia in a strain which makes one fear that frequent vinegar-squirting had seriously disturbed his reason. It is just after the proclamation of war. Berthe ventures to hope that England will keep out of it. The Austrian, on the contrary, thinks that Russia will "pick a fight" with England, and "thrash" her, "every pope and peasant in holy Russia lighting up as many candles as will illuminate the Urals and the Caucasus":—

"Après?" I said.

"Après what, Madame?"

"When they have thrashed her, what will they do with her?"

"Do with her? Annex her."

"What earthly use would England be to the Czar?"

"Use," echoed the Austrian, elevating his eyebrows with a supercilious smile; "in the first place, he might make it a little succursale to Siberia. There is a whole generation of those unmanageable half-mad Poles safely walking about this side of Europe plotting and dreaming and rhapsodizing; only think what a convenience it would be to their father the Czar if he had a centre of action so near them. He would catch them like rabbits, and instead of hawking them over the world to Nerchintz and Irkoutsk, he could sentence them to perpetual sciatica, or chronic lumbago, or a mild term of ten years' rheumatism in the Isle of Fogs. . . . Then over and above this immense accommodation, he might have his docks in England; he might make the naughty Poles learn of his English subjects how to build ships, till by and by the navy of Holy Russia would be the finest navy in the world, and big, top-heavy Prussia would shake in her shoes, and hot-headed France would keep quietly on her knees in the mire, and all Europe would bow down before the Czar and swing the incense-pot under his nose!"

There is some humour in this sketch of England's future, and we confess that we find the ravings of the "Austrian *habitué*" more amusing than the bagman talk of "M. du Centre" and Co. After this explosion he disappears from view, exhausted by the fertility of his imagination, or recalled by his Government for the un-

diplomatic tone of his remarks, or, more probably than either, consigned by his friends to the nearest *maison de santé*.

Probably we have quoted enough to dispose of the claims of this book to any serious criticism as an authentic record of a period of historical interest. We may add, that the well-known visit of the Empress Eugénie to the cholera patients at Amiens is post-dated by some years, and that the Franco-Prussian war is made to break out as autumn approached, when all the world knows that it occurred in July 1870. To say that it is both silly and vulgar is to understate the bad taste and impertinence with which it retails a certain amount of stale Parisian gossip. To say that there is hardly a page without gross faults of grammar and idiom is very much to understate the liberties which the author permits herself to take with both the French and English languages. It would be difficult to say which suffers more.

ECCLESIASTICAL MAPS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.*

THE author of these maps puts as a motto in his title-page two lines of Juvenal, the application of which has puzzled us sorely. What is the application of the verses,

Cum veniet contra, digito compescere labellum.
Accusator erit, qui verbum dixerit, hic est.

Who is the accuser? Who is the person to be accused? Who is to put his finger on his mouth? If we had a word of preface, we might perhaps understand; as it is, we do not. Of the maps, one gives the dioceses as they stood before the changes of our own day; another gives them as they are now; the third shows the archdeaconries; the heading of the fourth somewhat puzzled us. It runs thus—"Ecclesiastical Protection in England and Wales." After some thought it struck us that "Protection" on the map might mean the same as "Patronage" in the title, and it turns out that the map is meant to show the patronage of bishops and other ecclesiastical corporations. We do not remember to have ever seen the word "protection" used in this sense, though we do not say that it may not be justified by the primary meaning of the word "advocatio" or "advowson." We do not know that there is very much to say about the maps themselves. We should have thought that any one who undertook such a subject would have done well to carry it further back, and to make it into an atlas showing the successive changes in our ecclesiastical geography from the beginning. One object of the first map is to show the "peculiar" as they existed before the late changes. A list of them is given with references to the map, but the map itself is hardly large enough to show them very clearly, nor do we quite understand the list itself, which certainly does not take in all the "peculiar" which existed in England. The map indeed only claims to mark Bishops' "peculiar"—parishes, that is, in the jurisdiction of one Bishop, though locally in the diocese of another. But it would surely have been better in making a map of "peculiar" to mark also those where the Ordinary was not a Bishop at all; and in one or two cases, though we speak only from memory, the list does not seem to be perfectly accurate. Several parishes in Northamptonshire are marked as "peculiar" of the see of Lincoln, but we do not see among them Kings-Sutton, so famous as one of the three neighbour spires, "Bloxham for length, Adderbury for strength, Kings-Sutton for beauty." But surely Kings-Sutton used to be in the jurisdiction of Lincoln, and had as a hamlet the town of Buckingham, ten or a dozen miles off, and the capital, or one of the capitals, of another shire. Then Dorchester is put down as a "peculiar" of the see of Oxford, though the old city, locally in the diocese of Oxford, seemed of late to have got into a kind of ecclesiastical anarchy, without any certain Ordinary of any kind. All these odd arrangements are now things of the past, but their history is very curious. They mark the characteristic mediæval spirit, by which every corporation, sole or aggregate, did all that it could to isolate itself or to aggrandize itself, and looked on ecclesiastical jurisdiction less as either a burden or a duty than as a source of dignity, and indeed of profit. The feudal spirit had got possession of everything. The superior church, episcopal or other, stood to its vassal churches rather in the position of a feudal lord, and it was a point of honour not to surrender the homage of any of its subjects to any neighbouring lord. We suspect that a fighting and castle-building Bishop would often have looked on a proposal to divide his diocese much as a temporal prince would have looked on a proposal to divide his kingdom or duchy. At the same time the regular episcopal jurisdiction was invaded both from above and from below. If an Archbishop had temporal possessions in another diocese, they commonly formed an archiepiscopal "peculiar," while on the other hand monasteries, chapters, separate prebends, even vicars' colleges, contrived to get ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the places where they had temporal estates; and, lastly, owing to the alienation of monastic property, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of an abbey had in several cases passed to its lay owner. This local and corporate spirit, on its ecclesiastical side, did for the most part produce little more than grotesque and mischievous anomalies. But it must not be forgotten that it was another application of exactly the same spirit which won and secured the local liberties of our cities and boroughs, and, in so doing, had so large a share in securing the general liberties of the nation.

* Four Maps of the Ecclesiastical Divisions of England and Wales; with Tables of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction and Patronage. Compiled by W. Piercy Dimes. London: Wyld. 1874.

We spoke a little time back, having our thoughts led that way through quite another channel, of the characteristics of English ecclesiastical geography as compared with that of France and Germany. Both under Henry the Eighth and under William the Fourth we see the same odd influence of names and traditions, even while the greatest real novelties are brought in. The diocese of Bristol as devised at the earlier time, the diocese of Rochester as devised at the later, are memorable instances. Henry the Eighth had settled that Bristol was a place which ought to be a Bishop's see, but it was hard to find him a diocese without breaking in too violently on the traditions of the neighbouring dioceses of Bath and Wells and of Worcester, newly represented by Gloucester. So the old diocese of Sherborne was called into being; but with its episcopal church far away at Bristol. It strikes us, by the way, that in the maps before us too much of Worcester or Gloucester is cut off to form this detached head, if that be not a bull, of this strangely conceived diocese. And certainly if it be true, as it is whispered, that the present Ministry proposes to do something in the way of increasing the number of bishoprics, surely the first thing to be done is to reform the strange geography of Rochester. Henry again, in dividing the diocese of Lincoln, planted a see at Peterborough because the great abbey formed a ready-made cathedral church. The archdeaconry of Northampton formed an easy boundary for the diocese; but the result was that the church of Peterborough was, and still is, in a corner of the diocese, with parts of another diocese almost within a stone's throw of the Bishop's palace. Except that in that case Peterborough Abbey would most likely have been pulled down, it would have been far better if Henry had planted his new bishopric at Northampton, with the now vanished minster of St. Andrew as its cathedral. So in our own day, when two new sees were founded in the province of York, they were fixed at Manchester and Ripon, because in both of those places there were collegiate foundations ready made. This accident gave the great city of Manchester a Bishop, but it also gave him a most inconveniently shaped diocese; and the other new prelate was placed, not in any of the huge towns of the West Riding, but in a place so opposite to Manchester in point of size as to have been docked of one of its Parliamentary representatives. The eleventh century, which boldly moved the Bishop to the biggest town in his diocese, without any regard to names and traditions, was really more practical than either the sixteenth or the nineteenth.

The third map, which is on a much larger scale, shows the archdeaconries, and also the episcopal abodes, both those in use and those which are no longer. Among these we get a little plan of London, with references showing the old town houses of the Bishops. The map strikes us as not containing all the episcopal houses, and as containing some places which were not episcopal houses. But as there is no explanation, we may not have caught the exact principle on which the map is put together, and at any rate the attempt is a praiseworthy one. The map brings vividly before us how far Addington is from Canterbury, how far Danbury is from Rochester, and also how near Bishopthorpe is to York. We see the Bishop of Lincoln in his involuntary exile at Risholme, and we see the new name of Desidee marking the new abode for which the Bishop of Chester has exchanged the old Abbot's house which had swallowed up one tower of the minster, and the hanging garden perched in a Babylonian fashion on the substructure of the Abbot's hall. On the other hand, it is a comfort to see Stapleton, as an episcopal abode, already marked among the things of the past, and to see the palace of Lichfield, and not the castle of Eccleshall, again marked as the chief abode of its prelate. The last map, that which bears the queer title of "Ecclesiastical Protection," is beyond our understanding. We are told that "the figures placed under the names of parks and mansions show the number of livings in the gift of the owners and their families," and certainly under a good many places we do see figures of this kind put. But we do not know on what principle they are chosen; at any rate they are not exhaustive. The map is far from showing—doubtless it would be impossible to show—all the lay patronage in England. Altogether the maps seem fanciful, and we cannot always make out their immediate object. But a really good atlas of English ecclesiastical geography from the beginning would be a great gain indeed, if we could get it.

YOUNG MR. NIGHTINGALE.*

THE sight of tents and human faces is a pleasant thing to the traveller in the desert. Much of the same kind is the pleasure afforded to a reviewer weary of tracking an arid way through the confused storms of sensation or the vast expanses of commonplace, which, as Burnet says of William III., are of a "disgusting dryness," by a pleasant, fresh book like *Young Mr. Nightingale*. The author has chosen the autobiographical form for his story. It is a task of greater difficulty, because demanding more intimate knowledge of human nature, to indicate character from the inside than from the outside; in the latter case, the power of observation alone may do a great deal towards success; in the former, thought, feeling, and experience are absolutely necessary to it. Thus in many cases writers, by making the hero of their story also its narrator, have produced the unpleasant effect of causing him to lose all mark of individuality, and appear

* *Young Mr. Nightingale. A Novel.* By Dutton Cook, Author of "Hobson's Choice," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

merely a peg whereon to hang discourse. This danger Mr. Dutton Cook has avoided; young Mr. Nightingale is lifelike and interesting alike at the end of the book and at the beginning, when the reader becomes acquainted with him as a boy of twelve, who has made an escapade from the Down Farm at Purrington, where he lives with his mother and his uncle, Mr. Orme, to Overbury Hall, a great closed house hard by, which, with a child's quick imagination, he has invested with all sorts of romantic ideas. An incident occurs which in some sort lends reality to the child's fanciful inventions. One of the windows on the ground floor of the hall is, contrary to custom, unprotected by shutters, and Marmaduke, or, as he is always called, Duke, Nightingale looking in through the glass sees a face looking out at him from the other side, and is suddenly seized and lifted into the room. Here he finds himself face to face with an elderly gentleman who is smoking and drinking with great violence, whose appearance recalls that of a satyr in an engraving from Poussin hanging in one of the rooms at the Down Farm, and who presently reveals himself as Lord Overbury, the possessor of the Hall. He holds some converse with Duke, in the course of which he inquires his name and appears struck by it, and finally sends him home with a parting gift of three sovereigns. The boy returns home delighted with his adventure, but finds its interest little appreciated by his mother and uncle, although from certain significant glances which they exchange he suspects that their curiosity is more roused than it seems to be; and the reader becomes convinced that there is some secret or mystery connected with Overbury Hall and the Down Farm. Duke obtains more sympathy at the hands of Kem the cook, his fast friend on all occasions. The truth of his story and of his having really encountered Lord Overbury, which she is at first bent on regarding as a brilliant fiction composed for her amusement, is confirmed by Reube the shepherd, who presently lounges into the kitchen, having met his lordship on his road back from the sheepfold. Reube, with his absorbing devotion to his sheep, his bashful love for Kem, and his contempt for "Garge," the rival shepherd, makes a capital bit of character. Here is a bit of his talk:—

"How can you talk so, Reube?" interrupted Kem, "and you setting up for a tidy steady man, and a chapel-goer."

"Well, there," said Reube, "I go to chapel most-in-deal (ordinarily), when the sheep'll let me. But they're amost too much vor a man. I can't listen to the minister for thinking of things going wrong i' the veld; voot-rot, or scouring, or dead lambs, or what not. I can't sleep o' nights, let alone saying my prayers. Garge is a church-goer. I see un times and times going over the down, carrying's prayer-book, though I knows a' can't read un. Oh, he's a church-goer. But there's some folks as has no conscience. I don't say as a' hasn't got a tidy looking lamb or so among his vlock. A' knows how to cosset 'em up vor show. And there's vools about as hasn't got eyes to see a whole vlock at once. They'll look at one or two, maybe, and take Garge's word vor the rest. But there; there's sheep in his veld as I'd be shamed to own. If mine were so desperd bad as some o' 'issen I'd take and drown myself in sheep-pond, that's what I'd do. Oh, Garge is a church-goer, certain sure."

"You needn't be so main scrow (cross) about it, Reube," said Kem. "Garge's church-going won't harm un, nor's vlock neither. I'm a church-goer; Measter Duke's a church-goer. We're all church-goers in this house. Not that I say a word against the Methodys. My own mother was one on 'em. And I've known a many main tidy vocks Methodys."

"Dratlike Garge, that's all I see," observed Reube, by way of a final deliverance against his rival.

The monotony of life at the Down Farm is soon varied by another unusual occurrence in the shape of the arrival of a stranger with a wounded foot, who goes by the name of Fane Mauleverer, and turns out to be a strolling player possessed of many accomplishments and of a hand-to-mouth kind of philosophy which is rather attractive. This type of character has been so frequently made use of by novelists that Mr. Dutton Cook deserves the more credit for having made Mauleverer original and real. Duke's heart is entirely won by the stranger's fluent talk, imposing manner, and skill in drawing and in cutting out silhouette likenesses:—

I was loud in my admiration of his manifold abilities.

"Yes," he said, complacently, "I can do a good many things. That I am much the better for it I'll not venture to assert. It's no use making a number of small bids for success. The thing's knocked down to the highest bidder, who may make perhaps but one offer. Yes, young gentleman, I can act—fairly; I can paint—decently; portraits, landscapes, history, anything, including scenery. That's what I've been doing lately, thereby having a few more shillings—owed to me. Still upon the whole Fortune has not smiled upon Fane Mauleverer, or smiling, she has slid her rewards into other palms than his, and less deserving perhaps. So you would hint. I am obliged to you. I'll not contradict you. I like to hear hand-claps greet me, even though they may proceed from the village idiot on the back bench of the gallery. Not that I am associating you, my young friend, even in thought, with that unfortunate. Far from it. I count you among the box audience—the front row, if you will. I would only hint my appreciation of applause let it come from what quarter it may. I don't despise the copper coinage because of the existence of silver and gold. Halfpence are of use; so I have found. One can buy many things with them—bread for instance. I have known adversity; I admit it; and found its uses less sweet than they might have been, or than the poet has affirmed them to be. Still I have not despaired. I am not of a desponding nature. I persuade myself that luck may be in store for me, must be, indeed—put out at compound interest as it were. That there is a vast amount of it standing to my credit somewhere, I am fully satisfied. When it becomes due and payable I shall be a sort of millionaire. Meantime my position is much less enviable. 'While the grass grows—the proverb is somewhat musty.' But the world shall hear of Fane Mauleverer yet."

Mauleverer reappears some time afterwards under a different aspect. Duke, who is now advancing to man's estate and completing his education as a farmer, is sent to Dripford Fair with Reube the shepherd to sell a flock of sheep. The fair is the great event of the year for all the country round; a kind of agricultural carnival,

where the noise and crowd are great, so great indeed that Duke, having got detached from his flock, is unable to find them. In the course of his vain search he comes upon Lord Overbury, who entertains him with champagne, and then drags him out to accompany him in a violent progress through the fair, in the course of which they push their way into the interior of a travelling circus when a rehearsal is going on. A girl of a wonderful beauty, which instantly enslaves Duke's heart, is dancing on the tight-rope; Mauleverer is standing by in the costume of a ring clown; Herr Diavolo, a tremendously powerful athlete and the girl's master, is superintending the lesson, and when the girl, quite wearied out, refuses to continue it, strikes her across the shoulders with his cane, in return for which he receives a severe thrashing from Lord Overbury. Then follows desperate love for Rosetta the dancer, on the part of Duke; elopement with Lord Overbury on hers. About a year later, when Duke, whose passion for Rosetta still possesses him, has gone out on a bitter winter's day to the assistance of Reube the shepherd, he discovers a woman, whose beauty of dress contrasts with her misery of appearance, struggling half-fainting through the snow. In her he recognizes Rosetta, recalls himself to her memory, revives her as best he can, tells her something with a boy's mixture of ardour and shyness of his feeling for her, and half supports, half carries her towards the farmhouse until he can obtain assistance. On the way she faints outright, and he begins to despair; but with Kem's help she is conveyed to the farmhouse, and there restored to life and animation, under the influence of which she reveals to Mrs. Nightingale, not without a touch of scornful pride, that she is Lady Overbury. So she thinks, and so she has every reason for thinking. After this Duke's health begins to fail him, and partly on this account, partly because of his evident disinclination and inaptitude for the life of a farmer, he is sent up to London to be apprenticed to a solicitor, an old friend of Mr. Orme's, named Monck. It has not yet been mentioned that the date of the story is a period when railways were not and stage-coaches were; and by bringing his hero up to town from the country on the top of a coach, the author runs some risk of recalling to the reader's mind the journey performed under similar circumstances by David Copperfield. This is the more curious as there are throughout certain resemblances between the manner of Mr. Dutton Cook and that of the author of *Copperfield*. Having said thus much, it is but fair to show how Mr. Dutton Cook has contrived to catch something of Dickens's spirit and habit of close and humorous observation without laying himself open to any charge of slavish imitation. Duke, or, to call him by the more dignified title which the country neighbours bestow upon him in honour of his translation to a London life, "young Mr. Nightingale," is despised by the head waiter at the "Golden Cross," where he puts up for the night, as "a regular yokel," and is much perplexed by the novelties which assail him upon his first sojourn in London:—

The "boots" of the Golden Cross, upon my summons, relieved me of my boots, chalking the number of my room upon their solid soles, and equipped me with slippers of enormous dimensions. It was a gymnastic and terpsichorean feat, mounting the stairs to bed and retaining these vast receptacles upon my feet. Often I was wrecked from them, as it were, and had much difficulty in getting aboard them again. While I was thus engaged I encountered a laughing chambermaid. It was to conceal her mirthfulness, perhaps, that she proffered me "a pan of coals" for my bed. I declined the proposition, but vaguely comprehending it.

His introduction of himself at Mr. Monck's office, where he is received by an old clerk who, whenever he inquires for the principal, informs him that "Mr. Monck is particularly engaged, and not likely to be disengaged for a long time," is attended with the same kind of vague mystery which has hung upon some former incidents of his life. This old clerk, Vickery by name, is one of the best-drawn characters in the book. The dry, suspicious manner, the habit of sucking out information while giving none in return, caught from constant association with the law, the good heart and unflinching devotion underlying the unattractive surface, are all well brought out. The description of Duke's dull and monotonous life for a time in Mr. Monck's office is good altogether, but the long account of a tedious and never-ending Chancery suit which has been better done before, at a time when there were more abuses to warrant its introduction, in *Bleak House*, might better have been left out. The dead level of Duke's life is brightened by his acquiring a new friend in the person of Anthony Wray, commonly called Tony, Mr. Monck's nephew. He is a cheery, pleasant young fellow, full of life and grace and hope, which, by dint of being diffused in every possible direction, never leads him to take up any pursuit definitely for more than a few weeks together; but he is not the less agreeable for that. One is inclined to be angry with the author for letting him drift down through trouble and illness to an early death; only, if he had lived, his friend Duke could never have entertained any serious hope of a union with Rachel Monck, Tony's cousin, who is devotedly attached to him. One is almost as sorry when poor Tony disappears in a consumption as are Duke and Rachel. Before this unhappy event takes place Duke has seen the manners, if not the cities, of many men. He has presented himself to one Sir George Nightingale, whom he takes to be a distant relation of his, and who occupies the brilliant position of serjeant-painter to the King. By an odd coincidence he finds his old friend Mauleverer, the player, domesticated in Sir George's house in the capacity of assistant, and upon the death of Mr. Monck in very embarrassed circumstances he determines to transfer his allegiance from quill and foolscap to brush and palette, and makes a fresh start in life as another

assistant to the great portrait-painter. By another odd coincidence—but odd coincidences are the especial privilege of novelists, and it certainly cannot be denied that they occur often enough in real life—he finds Rosetta, who has suddenly burst upon the town as a brilliant actress, sitting to Sir George for her portrait. His relations with her are prettily and gracefully kept up to the end. She has grown up as one might hope she would, wild and fanciful indeed, but kind and bright, and displaying real goodness of heart in her generosity to Lord Overbury, who had so cruelly wronged her. Lord Overbury reappears as a broken-down impoverished drunkard, but nevertheless plays a somewhat important part in the closing scenes of the book, and in the revelation of the mystery of Duke's life. This mystery is, until it is told, concealed skilfully, yet without any attempt at sensation or striving after exaggerated effect. It is best to leave readers of the book to find out for themselves its precise nature. The book closes with a pretty love-scene between Duke and Rachel Monck. She, questioned by him, avers that she cannot tell him exactly when liking on her side first developed into love. She remembers having felt strangely anxious when he went away, more anxious than she would confess to herself:—

"For how was I to know that you cared for me?"

"You might have been sure. But, first, you began to like me for Tony's sake?"

"Of course. You were so kind to him, and my poor boy loved you so."

"And then, afterwards?"

"Don't ask me, for how can I answer? I liked you—I loved you for his sake—for mine—for your own. What does it matter? I love you, Duke; you may be sure of that, and you are sure. I love you—because I love you. Surely, you don't want a better reason?"

After that we turned homewards, walking quietly, and I must say very slowly, over the down to the farm.

Those who make *Young Mr. Nightingale's* acquaintance will find that their trouble in making it has not been thrown away, and will probably be sorry when it comes to a close.

LIFE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.*

THERE are names which belong to all countries and all Churches; and of such, among modern Saints, stands conspicuous that of St. Vincent de Paul. The institutions founded, the missions set on foot by him, have been accepted as models wherever Christian zeal works on system. He is emphatically the Saint of charitable organization. We are not sure that any memoir of him by his countrymen is likely to satisfy the expectations raised by this cosmopolitan reputation. Every religious school has its technical ideas of perfection to which it naturally desires to adapt distinguished excellence. In this case the extraordinary sagacity and fine perception of the Saint are not made as prominent by the biographer as his perfection in one particular grace; in fact, the crowd of examples of the one a little interferes with a just exhibition of the other. He was, we believe, a wiser man, according to the ordinary standard, than he is made to appear; nor perhaps does it assist our apprehension of the character that there seems some attempt at adaptation to the prejudices of the English reader. Either St. Vincent's belief on many points was different from that of the modern Roman Catholic, or something is left unsaid that is necessary to our full understanding of the man. This volume contains no allusion to the Blessed Virgin as an object of adoration, nor any mention of any Saint later than St. Augustine; whether silence on these points is due to the absence of them in the original records from which the memoir is taken, or to deference to the Anglican reader, we are not in a position to decide. All we gather is, that St. Vincent was strongly opposed to the Jansenists, and entertained an orthodox horror of Huguenots and of heretics; but that he had little faith in controversy, and advised all over whom he had authority to have nothing to do with it.

Of all things an *éloge*—and the present work, founded mainly on the Life of St. Vincent by Abbé Maynard, may be so designated—leaves most unsaid, and throws the reader whose experience has not led him in the way of living examples of perfection most upon his own guidance and direction how to reconcile what he reads with his personal observations of human nature. For it is the part of an *éloge* not only to suppress and ignore all the errors and weaknesses of its subject, but to exhibit its virtues in the light described as *éclatant*. It is perhaps inevitable that saintly excellence should take its colour from the natural character; but also it is prescribed by Directors, after the judgment of St. Francis de Sales, to all seekers after perfection to aim specially at one virtue or grace in particular, and to set that always before the mind. We do not ask how far this is the highest and best rule of action in itself, but at least it is excellently suited to the *éloge* as leading to the sort of conduct most certain to issue in striking and illustrious examples. The particular grace which is aimed at and held continually before the mental vision becomes an exercise of intellect as well as soul; all the thought, invention, and fancy, and (may we not also say?) wit and humour, of the character, go out towards it to render it conspicuous and memorable. From the present record we learn that the virtue nourished to the exemplary point in St. Vincent de Paul was humility;

and the good Saint succeeds, by the aid of the whole forces of his nature, in producing some signal effects. The only thing is, that the *éloge*, crowding these examples together in rapid succession, gives the impression of an expert in a difficult art rejoicing in an exercise of skill rather than of a soul abasing itself at the expense of all it holds dear. We observe that an act of humility of a properly *éclatant* order has a double aspect; it exhibits the actor in splendid self-abasement, and at the same time, by an unconscious but still happy feat of the intellect, turns the tables on the proud persecutor. When a "hot-headed young gentleman" told Vincent he was an old fool, and the venerable man knelt down before him and asked his pardon for any occasion he might have given to call him so, some part of the Saint must have known who looked the bigger fool of the two. The habit of "kneeling down to an inferior to beg pardon for the least shadow of a fault" strikes us as a too elaborate and conscious practice of a virtue. We can appreciate at a much higher rate the act of humility that followed a momentary movement of pride when his nephew, a rough, ill-clothed peasant lad, came to see him. The Saint's first impulse was to see him in private, but he was no sooner conscious of the feeling than he conquered it, and at once introduced the lad to the Brotherhood as the best man of his family. Every self-suggested exercise of humility, down to kissing the servant's feet if he thought he had spoken sharply, was easy to him; but it seems that to be taken by surprise by a vulgar relation is a trial even to a Saint.

The editor is right in regarding the life of St. Vincent de Paul, from "his eminent common sense, and what may be called worldly wisdom," as well as the practical turn of his mind and work, and the absence of the supernatural in the narrative, as especially fitted for the English reader. We may "sorrowfully" acquiesce in some writer's remark that "English Christianity is the most unsupernatural form of that institution"; but not the less is the Saint, as here represented, emphatically a Frenchman. In endeavouring to ascertain the facts of his life we are embarrassed by a very un-English fear of the naked truth, like what some people have of a draught of fresh air. It must be veiled and draped for the uses of edification. For example, in 1605, at the age of nine-and-twenty, Vincent, going by sea from Marseilles to Narbonne, was taken prisoner by a Turkish brigantine, and remained a captive in Barbary more than a year. On his release he wrote a narrative of his doings and sufferings and of the conversion of the wife of his master. Many years afterwards a copy of this narrative was sent to him, on the supposition that it would interest him. At once he threw it into the fire, and did not cease to implore with the most solemn adjurations, which were of course disregarded, that the original of that "unhappy letter about Turkey" might be delivered up to him to share the same fate. This eagerness, we are told, was due to "his earnest desire not to leave behind him an undeniable authentic record of that episode in his life, which from motives of humility he always studiously concealed." The effect of this reserve really defeats the intention of the humility which maintains it. A legend to the Saint's honour loses nothing of its credibility from the fact that through his whole life he was silent upon it. Thus an act of self-sacrifice is accepted as true both by the French biographer and his English editor, which is highly improbable in itself, and of which nothing was known from the chief actor. He had been appointed chaplain-general of convicts and galley-slaves, an office for which his intense spirit of humanity eminently fitted him. "Pitiable beyond words," we can well believe, was the state of things he found in the galleys. Reckless misery, blank despair, and blasphemy combined, seemed to make the Bagne a hell upon earth. He threw himself into the work of mitigating these horrors with characteristic zeal; this was only to be expected; but what certainly is difficult to credit is that his compassion should extend itself to taking the place of one of the convicts for several weeks, working in chains with the rest of the gang; of course maintaining a strict incognito until the nobleman who procured his appointment caused inquiries to be made which led to his release. The editor does not give the story without hesitation, but the testimonies to its truth quoted by M. Maynard appear to him fully to justify it. One thing seems certain—not one word of the story came from the Saint himself, and the fact of his silence goes for nothing with his biographers. We could not approve the act, if the story were true. It is no more the business of chaplains than it is commonly their inclination to change places with prisoners. The life of St. Vincent offers far more edifying features; but some touch of the marvellous is indispensable in the records of a canonized Saint, and this supplies something akin to the miraculous.

St. Vincent is known as the founder of home missions. When chaplain and tutor in the household of the Count of Joigny he occasionally accompanied the family in their visits to their country estates, and in his intercourse with the poor became alive to the fact that the parish priest was an inadequate medium for receiving confessions. "They were afraid or ashamed of confessing their sins to them." It was for the purpose of supplying a need where the parochial system failed that a new organization of mission priests was established. The fact is suggestive, but this is not the place in which to enter on a topic of modern controversy. A system may be begun on one ground and maintained on its opposite. Missions are very zealously carried on amongst us, where confession is denounced as the worst error of Romanism. And another change is to be noticed; what was designed for the country flourishes amongst us in the town. The

* *Life of S. Vincent de Paul*. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. R. F. Wilson. London: Rivingtons.

first members of the Congregation of Mission Priests were enjoined to devote themselves entirely to the poor and ignorant of country places, and to bind themselves never to preach in large towns. Rustics, it is found amongst us, do not respond to the spur; it needs numbers, the contact of large bodies, to rouse and maintain any heat of religious excitement. Out of the mission grew the greater institution of Sisterhoods of Charity. St. Vincent was always supported by female wealth and influence. The first members of these societies were Parisian ladies of rank and position; but the claims of home and family, and the dread of infection, were found to interfere with the tasks and duties undertaken by them. In England such difficulties are recognized, but they do not lead absolutely to the system of substitutes. The French are greater organizers than we, and therefore can boast of a more presentable mechanism and more extraordinary examples of self-sacrifice. It belongs certainly to the member of a society set apart for a single purpose, to share her bed, for example, with a plague-stricken patient. But ladies lose much, and surely the poor lose not a little, by allowing their work to be done by deputy. St. Vincent had the primary gift, due to ardent zeal, of stimulating others, and he had skill amounting to genius in reducing charity to a system. All seemed to him to grow of itself. It was humility of the truest kind which did not recognize the intellect that brought about such an order and succession of great institutions; but, as all seemed to him the simple direction of Providence, criticism was out of place; he could only see unmixed good in every foundation of which he was the nominal organizer:—

The good which is according to the will of God is done almost of itself, and without our thinking of it; it is thus that our Congregation came into being; that the exercises of Missions and of Ordinands were begun; that the Society of the Sisters of Charity was formed; that that of the Ladies for the Assistance of the Poor in the Hôtel Dieu at Paris and of the sick in parishes was established; that the care of foundlings was undertaken; and, lastly, that all the works which we have now in hand took their beginning. Not one of them was undertaken with design on our part.

It was one great and noble feature in our Saint that the magnitude of an evil, or its long standing, was no bar to a bold encounter with it. In his day Lorraine, so often the theatre of war, was reduced to the last extremity of desolation, having been by turns ravaged by the armies of France, Austria, Sweden, and its own. The fields were untilled, wild fruits, acorns, and roots served for food, reptiles and putrid carrion were devoured. When the news of these horrors reached St. Vincent, he instantly collected large sums of money and a body of mission priests, one of whom made fifty-three journeys to Lorraine in the nine or ten years of the extremity of distress. One of these priests, writing to Vincent, describes the people as being "skeletons covered with skin, and so horrible to behold that, if Our Lord did not strengthen me, I should not dare to look at them. Their skin is like tanned marble, and so drawn that the teeth are dry and uncovered, and the eyes and face all ghastly; in short, the sight is most awful." The condition of Champagne and Picardy after the war equalled in horrors that in Lorraine, and the sufferers were relieved by St. Vincent and his mission with the same energy; large sums of money were collected and carried to the desolated provinces by the priests when his infirmities prevented a visit in person:—

All the corporal works of mercy were performed by these good men. They fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, clothed the naked, visited the sick, released captives, entertained the homeless, and buried the dead. This last the most trying part of their work. Not only were numbers of those killed in battle left to lie unburied where they fell, but the poor, wasted, plague-stricken creatures crept like wounded animals into holes and corners, under banks and hedges, and laid themselves down to die with none to care for them or bury them.

We have no space to speak of the rules imposed by St. Vincent on his order or of his personal austerities. His was not an ascetic rule, but he was strict after his own standard, and he took the practical view on all questions. Thus it amuses the reader to find the secular virtue of early rising erected into a test of a vocation. Prompt obedience to the call-bell was indispensable to a Superior. Whatever his other qualifications and gifts, if he did not get up punctually in the morning he was not fit for the office. As for the Saint himself, the second stroke of the call-bell never found him in the same posture as the first. He was also extremely exacting in all external observances, and for himself exhibited a good deal of that resolution approaching to obstinacy which sometimes strikes the secular mind as a characteristic of most human saintliness. The condition of his legs and knees made kneeling at once extremely difficult and most painful and injurious; but the greater the effort the more determined was he to kneel to God and man, and the more gratifying is the record of his sufferings to his biographer. In spite of these infirmities he lived to the age of eighty-five, dying September 27, 1660. He was canonized by Pope Clement XII. in 1737. During the Revolution the convent of St. Lazarus, which he had made famous, was pillaged by a band of ruffians, and the shrine of St. Vincent seized by them, its precious contents being however rescued from desecration and safely hidden under the charge of Sisters of Charity till the year 1830, "when the sacred remains were transferred to the church of the convent of the Rue de Sévre, where in a more costly and beautiful shrine than the first the body of St. Vincent now rests."

LITERARY HISTORY OF CORNWALL.*

THE critic has certainly no great right to complain when an author has executed well all that he proposed to himself or promised to his readers; yet we cannot suppress a feeling of regret that this elaborate and valuable work can never be anything more than a book of reference and a storehouse of materials for others to draw upon. "It makes no pretensions to the title of a complete Bibliography of the County of Cornwall; it is content to be considered merely as a contribution to its literary history." The greater the pity, in our judgment. If a little flesh had been laid upon this noble skeleton, the figure would have been far more comely, and none the weaker for the operation. And this voluntary abandonment of all claims on popular acceptance is the more provoking inasmuch as the joint editors of this compilation display no lack of literary experience or skill, and must have had within their easy reach abundant means for producing a series of biographical memoirs of the deepest interest to every cultivated mind. As the matter stands, however, we have no choice; we must take their volume as we find it—a dry alphabetical catalogue of writers and their publications, accompanied by a few dates (usually only of birth and death) and bibliographical notes, without the least attempt to estimate their respective merits or relative importance. Such a list, however, cannot have been produced without years of honest loving labour having been spent upon it, and, if unpalatable or even useless to the general reader, is to the real student highly suggestive and fraught with rare instruction.

Few counties in England exhibit so distinctive a character as that peninsula which is almost surrounded by the Tamar and the Western Ocean. While the physical features and mineral productions of the Duchy remind us somewhat of the bordering region of Dartmoor, in respect of race and temperament, of habits and language, the native population of Cornwall differs widely from its neighbours in Devonshire. Less imaginative and excitable than their kinsmen in Wales, the Cornish are no less frugal and devout than they, and far surpass them in fine intelligence and keenness of intellect. The vices of the two tribes correspond in the main, as well as their better qualities; these are those truly Celtic failings—a deficient regard for truthfulness, and a certain strange impatience of sustained industry. The happy circumstance that the Cornish language has been obsolete for at least two centuries has accorded to Cornishmen no mean place in our literature; and since English has been learnt by the mass of the people as a foreign language in comparatively recent times, nowhere else is our tongue spoken with more correctness and propriety, although it may be with a peculiar tone and accent; thus presenting a strong contrast to the almost barbarous provincialisms of the other two or three westernmost counties. Cornwall has indeed given to us few men of the highest eminence in any department; no first-rate poet, or prose writer, or orator, or statesman, and only one worthy, Sir Humphry Davy, who has stood in the very front rank as a master of science. But the present work is a proud memorial of what her sons have achieved in secondary, though distinguished positions, especially for science, for which their pursuits and tastes display a special aptitude. Foremost among those yet living stands John Couch Adams, Senior Wrangler at Cambridge in 1843, who has lacked nothing but the just self-confidence of genius to be universally recognized as the prior discoverer of the planet Neptune. Two Cornishmen had headed the Mathematical Tripos before him; Kempthorne in 1796, and the great missionary, Henry Martyn, in 1801. The Golden preacher, Henry Melvill, was Second Wrangler in 1821, as was Dr. Colenso, whom the county now regards with mournful coldness, in 1836. Leonard Courtney, who ran a "superior person" so hard at Liskeard in the election of this year, took the same honour in 1855; Bishop Rawle stood third in 1835. Sir Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, who has charge of the Ordnance Survey, is unrivalled in his own branch of study; while the mild decline of Robert Were Fox, of Falmouth, is gilded by the remembrance of his profound investigations in regard to the magnetic needle as early as 1832, when electro-magnetism was only not in its infancy. We believe we may add to this goodly list the name of Mr. Pengelly of Torquay, the persuasive expounder of the mysteries of Kent's Cavern there.

When we pass into the region of pure literature the descent is sharp and steep enough from these sublime heights of science to the level of Samuel Foote, dramatist and comedian, who was born at the Red Lion Inn at Truro in 1720. The famous author of the *Minor*, in which Whitefield (whose ministry he had attended in order to learn to mimic him the better) was coarsely satirized, of the *Liar*, the *Mayor of Garratt*, and a score of other farces yet more completely forgotten, was a considerable man in his day, who never disgraced, if he did not add much to, the reputation of Worcester College, where he was proud of having been brought up. The reader of Boswell will remember Johnson's surly resolution not to laugh at Foote's broad jests, and how ill he was able to keep it; but the most characteristic speech of the sage respecting him was made in reply to a not very unnatural question, "Pray, sir, is not Foote an infidel?" "I do not know," said Johnson, "whether the fellow is an infidel, but if he be, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel—that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject."

* *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*. A Catalogue of the Writings, both Manuscript and Printed, of Cornishmen, and of Works relating to the County of Cornwall, with Biographical Memoranda and copious Literary References. By George Clement Boase and William Pridesaux Courtney. Vol. 1. A—O. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer. 1874.

We have turned over the pages of the *Bibliotheca* and racked our memory in vain to recall some respectable Cornish poet of the past, for we utterly refuse that sacred appellation to Dr. Wolcot, whose doggerel rhymes found their favourite theme in mocking the harmless eccentricities and unlikable savings of poor George III., although some of his pieces, as the "Razors," and the "Royal Visit to Exeter," are not destitute of a vein of more pleasant and genial humour. Cornwall has at least two living poets of more than local celebrity, whose copious verses are duly chronicled by our editors—namely, Nicholas Michell, and John Harris, whose *Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain*, composed while he was working as a common miner, evince a native power which poverty and obscurity may have weakened but could not destroy. The second volume of this work will doubtless introduce us to the poems of one of the most accomplished and learned residents in the county, of which he is not a native—Mr. H. S. Stokes, Clerk of the Peace. To the rest of the Muses the moist dull air of Cornwall has proved a very Boeotia. Although the fair manuscript of Prideaux's *Old and New Testament Corrected* is reverently kept at his ancestral seat near Padstow, it is dated from his Deanery at Norwich. Few men possess vigour of mind enough to emulate the zeal of Jonathan Toup, who nearly a century ago sent forth his celebrated edition of Longinus and other classical exertations from the retirement of his fair living of St. Martin-by-Looe. In truth, the remoteness of this whole district from public libraries would suffice to deter most scholars from attempting such tasks. Throughout the whole length of the county there is no collection of books worth mentioning, save in three or four great country houses, and these formed much at random, representing the varying tastes of successive owners. Hence it results that many Cornishmen whose names are or will be recorded in these volumes led their mature and active life in other parts of England. Their birth and early education are due to Cornwall, but they owe her little more. Such is, we believe, the case with Dr. Tregelles, the eminent biblical critic, and with Dr. Bastian, whose speculations in biology have recently attracted so much attention.

When from the pursuits of literature we pass to the learned professions or the public service, which in their higher ranks are seldom exercised out of London, we naturally find that the shrewd common sense of the men of this county has won for them a full share of the prizes of life. Our editors specify the large additions they have been able to make to the list of writings published or left unpublished by William Noy (Preface, p. vii.), the Attorney-General of Charles I., who did not deem it any derogation to his office to draw with his own hand the fatal prerogative writ for the exaction of ship-money. Clarendon, who had no reason to love one who laid the foundation of so much mischief, from which he did not live to suffer in person, notes with his usual energy how by degrees this proud and able man thought "that he could not give a clearer testimony that his knowledge in the law was greater than other men's than by making that law which all other men believed not to be so." His industry must have equalled his ability, as plainly appears from the vast number of books and opinions yet extant, for composing which he must have found leisure during a busy life of fifty-seven years. The only other considerable lawyer here recorded is Mr. Justice Buller (d. 1800), now chiefly remembered for his thumb, whose thickness he once assumed, in charging a jury, as the standard measure of a stick with which a man might lawfully chastise his wife.

Among Cornish Churchmen the most considerable is Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, one of the illustrious Seven prosecuted by James II., who yet felt able to take the oaths to his successor, and died Bishop of Exeter. A resident in Cornwall, Mr. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, is the author of the well-known pseudo-antique song on the occasion of his arrest—"And shall Trelawney die?" We notice also in these pages a fruitful and miscellaneous writer on learned subjects, Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter from 1762 to 1784, whose intellectual calibre may be estimated by the fact that he published a superb edition of the Poems of Rowley, poor Chatterton's transparent forgery. William Jane, born at Liskeard, Chancellor of Exeter, was the chosen colleague of Patrick, afterwards Bishop of Ely, at the Conference held in 1686, "before His Majesty and the Earl of Rochester, Lord High Treasurer, concerning the Real Presence and Transubstantiation," which ended in the Minister's determination to keep his religion and lose his post. Of a widely different school from this High Church champion was Thomas Haweis, a native of Redruth, the friend and biographer both of John Newton and of that elect lady, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; he was also a voluminous commentator and translator of Scripture. Another Cornishman, a contemporary of Wickliffe, John de Trevisa, is believed to have translated the whole Bible into English; but, if so, his version lies still in manuscript. Two centuries before him lived one Johannes Cornubiensis, who wrote against Peter Lombard a "Eulogium ad Alexandrum III. Papam," which is reprinted in the 129th volume of Migne's huge *Patrologia*. Of the shoals of clergymen whose modest ambition has contented itself by writing a visitation sermon or some other slight occasional pamphlet, our editors have preserved a record whose accuracy, on repeated trial, has never failed us. No one need be told how much patience and toil they must have expended on these *Di minorum gentium*, and that too with the sad conviction that few would appreciate their trouble and fewer thank them for it.

In statesmen this county has not been prolific, notwithstanding the forty-two members it sent to the House of Commons before the first Reform Bill. Most of those it returned, such as John Hampden for Grampond, or Sheridan for Saltash, perhaps never saw the boroughs they nominally represented. Conspicuous among a host of obscure names stand forth Sir John Eliot, whose unmerited sufferings and death in the Tower are the darkest blot on the early years of Charles I.'s reign; and the heroic Sir Bevil Grenville, who raised Cornwall for that monarch in the Great Rebellion, and whose monument stands on Lansdowne Hill, near Bath, where he met with a soldier's death in 1643. By the side of such giants we are apt to disparage Sidney Godolphin, Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, the fast ally and connexion of the Churchills, or to think of him only for the sake of his wife, whose saintly life the vilest of courts could not sully, and whose virtues have been so sweetly embalmed in Evelyn's affecting memoir. In our own day the representative of one of the oldest Cornish families, Sir William Molesworth, the editor, if not the disciple, of Hobbes, held the seals of the Colonial Office with much applause of his party. Of warlike glory this county has hardly come in for its share; but Sir Hussey Vivian, the father of the present Lord-Lieutenant, will always be remembered for his repulse of the last French charge at Waterloo; and Admiral Boscawen, the great-grandfather of Viscount Falmouth, and the husband of Hannah More's accomplished friend, lived just long enough nobly to wipe off at Louisburgh and Cape Lagos the popular and perhaps false imputation of undue severity towards the unfortunate Byng. In the great Revolutionary war Sir Thomas Graves was Nelson's second in command at Copenhagen. The long services of the Pellews, especially of Lord Exmouth, have been detailed in one of the most exquisite gems of biography found in our language, his Life by Edward Osler, himself a Falmouth man, whose wonderful memory, varied information, and quick talents were too long wasted upon editing a local newspaper.

The editors of this *Bibliotheca* have been anxious to preserve materials which may be available to any enterprising person who shall hereafter undertake a county history of Cornwall; and indeed it is only too certain that the several attempts hitherto made in this direction are, for one cause or other, somewhat unworthy of the subject. The earliest of all is John Norden's *Perambulation of Cornwall*, made as far back as 1584, though the manuscript now extant in the British Museum is dedicated to James I. It is not often met with, and was published as late as 1728, under the title of *Speculi Britannicæ pars. "The Survey of Cornwall"* (1602), by Richard Carew, of East Antony, a substantial country gentleman, whose living descendant has been a county member, is no doubt the text-book; it is delightfully quaint, and full of excellent matter. William Hals of Merther (b. 1655), wrote a *Complete History of Cornwall*, which has never been published in full, though parts of it appeared in 1750, and again very recently. The original manuscripts, whose migrations are here faithfully recounted, now belong to Mr. Stokes, of Bodmin. They are said to be full of scandalous charges against the honour of persons long since dead; and, if so, are best left to languish undisturbed. The most voluminous writers on the county history are two clergymen. Dr. William Borlase, Rector of Ludgvan, in his *Observations on the Antiquities, Historical and Monumental* (1754), managed to find the Druids and their cromlechs everywhere, but his *Natural History* (1758) possesses more distinctive merit. R. Polwhele, Vicar of Manaccan, himself the head of an old family, gives his *History of Cornwall* (1803) more of a genealogical character, and contributes much that will prove of permanent value. Mr. Davies Gilbert, of Tresillick, the early patron of Sir Humphry Davy, and his fit successor as President of the Royal Society, put forth a *Parochial History*, founded on the manuscripts of Hals and Tonkin, just before his death in 1839; but it was compiled under the pressure of failing health by one who had not a very happy faculty for this class of study. Of a more recent adventure of the same kind little good can be said, and it may be hoped that one or both of the editors of the *Bibliotheca* will take up the matter in earnest, and carry it through once for all. We have abundance of materials ready at hand, and a larger proportion than usual of the parish registers are quite complete from the thirtieth year of Henry VIII., when they were first appointed to be kept, or rather from 1597, when the old entries were ordered to be engrossed on parchment. At any rate, the county which has produced antiquaries so eminent as Sir Harris Nicolas and the late Mr. John Carne, who wrote on the "Domesday Manors" and the "Bishopric of Cornwall," will not much longer bear the reproach of being the least worthily commemorated by its loving sons of any similar district in the kingdom.

We have learnt so much, and revived such agreeable memories, in turning the pages of this volume over and over again, that we have almost forgotten to find fault. Why should the ample list of Cornish worthies be swelled by the names of Lord Byron and Dr. Doddridge, whose only connexion with the county was that, taking the packet at Falmouth, they wrote home to report their safe journey thus far? On this principle we ought to enroll Arthur Orton among the notabilities of Devon, on the strength of his hapless love-letter from "Torkey." But these are slight blemishes indeed, and do not sensibly detract from the large debt of gratitude owed by all true scholars, whether Cornishmen or not, for this useful, laborious, and exhaustive publication, whereof we look for the second and final volume with no small curiosity and impatience.

"AZAMAT-BATUK" ON SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.*

"AZAMAT-BATUK" apologizes in his last chapter for having forgotten altogether to write up to his title. He discovers when it is too late that he has dealt very little in description of the country and the people in the abstract, while he has "written a series of dull recollections of Spain, and of still duller essays on Spanish subjects." His apology for the matter of the book is very unnecessary, and when he affects to characterize it as dull, we may assume that he is fishing among his critics for compliments. Here is at last a book on Spain of the kind we have been asking for. We have been surfeited with books of touring and sentiment, until we turn from the magnificent scenery in weariness of soul, and the Alhambra itself begins to sicken us. But Azamat-Batuk fills his pages with his personal experiences among the armed factions who are contesting the government of the country; he takes a comprehensive survey of the present situation, and describes the men who have made themselves most conspicuous. He did a good deal of campaigning with the Carlist chiefs; he visited the head-quarters of the Republican forces; acting as Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, he naturally laid himself out for interviewing. Men of all parties, from Don Carlos, Castelar, and Serrano downwards, seem to have consented to be cross-examined with the best possible grace, being eager for appreciation and "moral countenance" from abroad. Azamat-Batuk assuredly is never dull when he deals with the men and incidents of the day, when he is describing night marches or mountain bivouacs, when he is making his way through pickets on the frontier, or being conducted to a mysterious interview with the Pretender in a lonely chateau in the Landes. He may be less lively when he goes back to the Seven Years' war, and the politics and *pronunciamientos* of the early days of Christina's rule. But even these chapters gather into a readable shape information that lies beyond easy reach, while they supply a very useful introduction to the history that is being acted at the present moment. And before going on to the contents of the book, we must pay a compliment to its excellent English. M. Thieblin's style is not only easy, but graceful; and it is clear enough that the proof sheets can never have been submitted to his supervision, for they positively teem with the most careless blunders.

Early in the spring of last year our author made his entry into Spain under circumstances highly dramatic. The parts of Spain tainted by Carlism had apparently been put in the strictest quarantine by the French authorities, although perhaps the strictness of the surveillance was more apparent than real. At all events when Azamat-Batuk made his start in a friend's carriage from his hotel at Bayonne, a brass cannon in a coffin-like box lay upon the front seat, and the suspicious package attracted no official attention. In a dense forest on the summit of the Pyrenees they were stopped by a band of wild-looking men, who undertook to smuggle the field-piece the rest of the way, and Azamat met it subsequently in active service. At the French frontier village of Ainhoue he and his companions called a halt for supper, the landlady being a warm sympathizer with the good cause—it must be somewhat compromising, by the way, for some of the people mentioned in the pages to be recommended by name to the notice of the authorities on either side. Late in the evening, when every one else had retired to rest, the Correspondent and his companion started under guidance, slipping stealthily out of the village, and three hours' rough walking in drenching rain brought them to the first Carlist outpost. Thence it was but a short distance further to General Elio's head-quarters. Special Correspondents were less plentiful at that time than they became later, and the old General appears to have been exceedingly civil and hospitable. He offered the journalist a seat in his carriage when he started on a tour of inspection among his troops. It showed the primitive relations between the rank and file and the General commanding them, that the couple of privates forming the escort not only took their seats inside the carriage, but never hesitated to ask the Commander-in-Chief for a light for the coarse cigars they were smoking continually. What was clear then and afterwards was the unmistakable devotion of the population to the cause. Not only when Azamat-Batuk was with Elio, but afterwards, when travelling by himself carrying Carlist recommendations, he was invariably made welcome to the best everywhere. The Curés who generally occupied the most comfortable houses in the outlying villages insisted on his leaving the inns and coming to them for his bed and supper. So in the greater villages and the smaller towns. On the other hand, when the Republicans marched into a place, they found it abandoned to the women and the children. When they made their requisitions, and even when they offered payment in cash, nothing was forthcoming. When they were followed again by the Carlists in due course, sacks of flour were produced somehow, and sheep and cattle driven in from the neighbouring hills. Where loyalty was so universal, there could be no lack of men to recruit the royalist ranks. No one could have ventured to hang back when the women were such enthusiastic partisans; and the leaders doubtless said no more than they had warrant for, when they asserted that recruiting was a mere question of arms. Even in respect of armament and equipment they did very well considering their difficulties. Besides the arms which they managed to buy and smuggle, they established several manufactories which turned out regularly a certain number of weapons. It was perhaps the strongest proof of

the title of the Carlists to be considered something better than gangs of guerillas that the troops of the Madrid Government allowed these gun-factories to go on working, although they must have been well acquainted with their localities. As for Carlist cruelties, they would seem, if we may credit the statements accepted by our author, to have been greatly exaggerated. The notorious Santa Cruz indeed discouraged making prisoners, as he encouraged his own men never to surrender, but then Santa Cruz was disavowed and sentenced to be shot. As for General Elio, he remarked that it was anything but his interest to be severe to the Republican regulars. He wished nothing better than to bring them over to his side, if possible, while, by teaching them that they had no mercy to expect, he would have given them the best of reasons for fighting to the death. Of course there comes a time in civil wars, and especially in Spanish civil wars, when passion overrides policy, as we know by what happened in the Northern country when Quesado was pitted against Ramon Cabrera. But as yet, happily, the Carlist struggle has not passed into that stage; when Azamat-Batuk joined the combatants the generals on either side were manœuvring with the most humane consideration for human life; and they went on marching and counter-marching, avoiding contact with creditable adroitness. He makes it clear, however, that it was less easy than was generally supposed to propagate the Carlist movement. Not only would it have been the invasion of an enemy's country had they crossed the Ebro and ventured into the plains of Castille, but even the Northern provinces where Carlist sympathies were the strongest would have resented the intrusion of Carlist battalions that had been levied anywhere beyond their frontiers. When the Carlists desired to raise Arragon, for instance, they had to begin by forming *partidas* of Arragonese, and the Biscayan or Navarrese general who should have marched to the support of the movement would have been made anything but welcome.

As for Don Carlos himself, Azamat-Batuk saw him a good deal, and does not greatly believe in him. The qualities that recommended him to popularity seem to lie on the surface, which may partly explain his having succeeded so wonderfully, and to stop short at a certain point. He has a fine figure and rather a handsome face, although his features show signs of weakness when you look closely into them. He delights in showing off his horsemanship, and his seat and hand are rather those of the circus than of the hunting-field. He likes the pomp of royal entries and progresses, even among the simple inhabitants of the mountain districts; and although affable enough and easy of access, used to keep up much of the ceremony of a Court, apparently from the absence of a sense of the ridiculous. Perhaps, however, these royal progresses, which seemed to be a waste of valuable time, may have proved good policy in the long run, for they certainly animated the loyalty of the people and nerved them to endure their privations and sufferings. But the operations of the troops must have been seriously embarrassed by the strong bodies of them that were detached for the purpose of guarding the Royal person. Not unfrequently, as Azamat-Batuk tells us, a column of a couple of thousand men would be detailed for this service. As to the Pretender's opinions, they are described as an odd mixture of Liberalism and absolutism; on matters of religion he is by no means a bigot personally. In short, he might have made a tolerable constitutional King had he slipped into his hereditary place in a constitutional country, and given himself up to be governed by wise Ministers. But, if Azamat-Batuk judges him rightly, he certainly has not the tact, the resolution, or the genius to triumph over the difficulties of his situation. He might reign in the North, were that admissible. But were he to march on Madrid it is difficult to see how he could conciliate the intense animosity of three-fourths of his subjects, and at the same time preserve the affection of those whose unreasoning loyalty would be the safeguard of his throne.

Of Serrano Azamat-Batuk speaks with extreme frankness, considering the friendly footing on which he seems to have been received in the Marshal's pleasant villa at Biarritz. It may be supposed, however, that the politic statesman had a purpose in welcoming the Correspondent of the *New York Herald* in his family circle. At all events Azamat-Batuk discusses the Marshal's rise and progress, and all the scandals as to his early relations with the dethroned Queen, so as to bring out his ingratitude in the darkest colours. And he goes on:—"Sure it is, that of all living Spanish statesmen, the Duke de la Torre has the most pliable and accommodating political conscience, and that may prove a great advantage just now." Sure it is, we may add, that whoever might have put themselves forward in the revolution that exiled Isabella, the Duke de la Torre was bound by every consideration of gratitude and honour to keep himself modestly in the background. Castelar and Figueras appear to have been equally outspoken in their intercourse with the *Herald* Correspondent; but they are the men of yesterday, and for the present they count as ciphers. More interesting at this moment are his interviews with the notorious Curé, Santa Cruz, who has just been once more arrested by the French authorities. At that time the Curé had his quarters in the little town of Vera, where he was obeyed absolutely either from love or fear. Indeed he terrorized his followers and friends as much as his enemies. When irritated or offended, with him the blow came before the word, and sentence was sometimes passed and judgment executed before the criminal even learned his offence. He ordered shooting offhand for a variety of offences in his elastic code, and the bastinado that beat men within an inch of their lives was a

* *Spain and the Spaniards*. By N. L. Thieblin ("Azamat-Batuk"). London: Hurst & Blackett. 1874.

very favourite punishment. When Azamat-Batuk paid his visit, the Curé's mood was naturally more disagreeable than usual, for he was himself disowned by the royal staff, and was under sentence of death by the general commanding the district. It is not surprising that he showed slight regard to the general permission from headquarters permitting the bearer "to circulate freely," &c.; still less surprising is it that the bearer was extremely glad to slip through the Curé's hands, on the pretext of going off in a hurry to see operations elsewhere. But on a second visit Azamat-Batuk saw Santa Cruz in a much more genial mood. This time he was introduced by a South American gentleman resident in France, who had been the Curé's generous patron, supplying him freely with the necessary funds for his campaigning. And they had a very pleasant and sociable dinner-party, where the talk turned of course on the services of the guerilla hero and the gross ingratitude with which they had been repaid. Don Cruz Ochoa, the Curé's secretary, made it his business to blow his chief's trumpet and dilate on his really extraordinary adventures, Santa Cruz correcting him when he made a mistake. A very sensational story it was, and argued the hero of it to be no ordinary man, although he may be but indifferently endowed with the milder virtues. He had decidedly mistaken his vocation in entering the Church, but it is not very certain that he is better fitted to be a soldier; for, however well he can command, he has never learned to obey. He has the art of inspiring obedience, however; and, more than that, he seems an admirable organizer. He not only equipped and armed his men, but actually managed to make rifles and cartridges for himself with such inadequate means as he found in the little mountain towns. Altogether Azamat-Batuk's gallery of contemporary portraits is alone sufficient to recommend his book, especially now that the originals take so prominent a place in the daily telegrams. They are vigorously sketched; from the way in which individualities are distinguished we should take them to be good likenesses, and they certainly give one a fresh interest in the usually monotonous details of Spanish military operations.

THE CAREW MANUSCRIPTS.*

THE Carew Manuscripts have now been completely calendared. Six volumes have appeared at intervals of about a year, and all that can be learned from these papers concerning Irish history is now in the possession of the public, and made as easy for historical investigators as is possible. Some of the previously published volumes, as our readers know from notices which we have given of them (see *Saturday Review* for Sept. 19, 1868, July 31, 1869, Dec. 3, 1870, and Feb. 24, 1872), contain information not only of interest, but of the highest importance to those who would form a fair estimate of the relations of England and Ireland, especially during the sixteenth century. The present work runs over the first quarter of the seventeenth century, beginning with the commencement and ending with the conclusion of the reign of James VI. We cannot pretend that all the volumes are equally interesting or valuable. And, unquestionably, whatever may be the value of the present volume, it is by far the least interesting of the series. It must have been somewhat weary work for Mr. Bullen to go through and to analyse papers which, from the mere fact of their paucity, are far less connected or intelligible than those he has hitherto had to deal with, and which, from the comparative quiet of the period, present none of those brilliant episodes which distinguish the rebellions of Irish history. Mr. Brewer has had the pleasant task of criticizing the papers when analysed, and has written a preface that emboldens us to continue the subject, which, had we only had the Calendar to guide us, we might have shrunk from altogether, or perhaps very reluctantly have entered upon: Indeed there is scarcely a document which we have particularly marked for comment that has altogether escaped his notice in the masterly introduction which he has prefixed to these papers.

The very name by which this collection is known will suggest to all who have any acquaintance with Irish history the main subject of the volume—namely, the Plantation of Ulster. Carew had been sent in the summer of 1611 as Principal Commissioner to inquire into the general state of the country and to assist the Deputy in the arrangement of the Northern province, so as to avoid such mistakes as had been made in the settling of Munster. In this capacity Carew was to take precedence of the rest of the Council, though it was not intended that he should interfere in matters which belonged to the jurisdiction of Sir Arthur Chichester as Lord Deputy. No Parliament had assembled in Ireland for nearly a quarter of a century, and Carew was expected upon his return to report to the King what would be the best time for summoning one. Not much less than half the volume is taken up with the proceedings of the latter half of this year. And these papers, together with the account of the disturbances in the Irish Parliament of 1613, and the "Discourse of the Present Estate of Ireland" in 1614 by Carew, are the most important documents in the volume.

The suppression of the rebellions during the reign of Elizabeth

had made room for the adoption of peaceful measures by her successor. Mr. Brewer seems somewhat jealous lest too much credit should be given to James and too little to Elizabeth; yet he quotes and endorses as substantially true the remark made by Sir John Davys that the defects in the previous government of Ireland had "been fully supplied in the first nine years of James's reign; in which time there had been more done in the work and reformation of this kingdom than in the four hundred and forty years which are past since the Conquest was first attempted."

As regards the first eight years of James I.'s reign we must not, of course, find fault with Mr. Brewer for making no reference to a portion of history which his documents do not touch; but we may be allowed to express our regret that the Carew MSS. furnish no information whatever as to the stirring events connected with Tyrone's renewed attempt at rebellion. Whilst we are upon the paucity of documents we venture to call attention to what appears to us to be an omission of a paper which has been printed in Leland's History, vol. ii. p. 425, and which belongs to November 15th of the fifth year of James I., i.e. 1607, and for which a reference is given to Lambeth MSS., No. 617, p. 96. It is entitled "A proclamation touching the earles of Tyrone and Tirconnel," and was intended to deprecate their being received at foreign Courts, proclaiming them to be fugitives on the false pretence of religion, whereas they had been ennobled by the late Queen in preference to many others who were more deserving, and had no lineal or lawful descent from ancestors of blood or virtue. The proclamation asserts also that they were persons of no value, who thought murder no fault, marriage of no use, and no man worthy to be esteemed valiant that did not glory in rapine and oppression, and that they had entered into a conspiracy utterly to extirpate the English residents in Ireland; and it ends with expressing the hope that these men would be treated as rebels by other States and princes. Probably a petition printed afterwards in the same work (p. 443), with a reference to a Lambeth MS., does not belong to the same Collection. It is dated Nov. 12, 1612, and is upon the subject of the Parliament summoned for the following year.

The first document in the volume holds out to a casual reader hopes which he will soon find disappointed. It is a letter from Lord Deputy Mountjoy to Carew, written a few days after James had been proclaimed King, in very doleful terms, anticipating rebellion. "If," he says, "I shall stay here till all things be so settled that they will never break out again, God knoweth when I shall come over. For my part I do still prepare myself for the worst"; and he ends his letter with the request that the King might not be permitted to see his last letter to the Queen, "for it is full of fustian." What this means we are quite at a loss to determine. Is it possible it could allude to a suggestion made about a month before to Carew that Tyrone should be admitted to his submission, pardoned, and created Earl of Tyrone? This letter is supplemented by "a brief relation of the rebellion of the city of Cork," which had already begun before Mountjoy wrote it, and both here and at Waterford the mass was openly set up again. But after this several years occur either without any notice, or else with one or perhaps two unimportant documents, down to the year 1611, which we have already mentioned as being fully detailed; and unfortunately there is not a syllable that throws any light on the proceedings of Tyrone till the year 1608, when, on the division of lands in the county from which his title of Earl was taken, there is just one reference to the departure of "the late traitor Tyrone." With this exception the present volume supplies no information as to the history of Ireland during the earlier years of the reign, till we light upon a document of the year 1613 which purports to be a brief relation of the passages in the Parliament summoned in Ireland in that year. It is, however, prefaced by a slight mention of the attempt at rebellion in Munster, which was put down by the energetic measures adopted by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, and a very bare description of the plot the discovery of which caused the flight of Tyrone and his accomplices, and of the renewed agitation in Ulster which ended in six counties being escheated to the Crown. A fuller account of all these events would have been very acceptable, but no such account is supplied by this volume, and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Brewer, when he wrote his preface to the preceding volume of these papers, had not looked ahead to see what was coming. There is a sort of half-promise at the conclusion of that preface that the writer would tell the story of the relations in which Tyrone stood to Elizabeth and to James at the time of his submission first to one sovereign and then to the other, and how the hopes entertained by the Irish at their change of ruler, as well as their expectations of assistance from Spain, were disappointed. But nothing of all this is to be found in the present publication, and the editor has been obliged to deny himself the pleasure of continuing his graphic account of the Irish and their rebellions, and to confine his attention to the settlement of the country, the subject which occupies nearly the whole of the volume.

Nevertheless, though Mr. Brewer has not been able to tell the story how the escheated lands came to be the property of the Crown, he has given us a most interesting account of the mode in which they were so successfully portioned out as to lay the foundation of all the subsequent prosperity of the Northern province. It is to the judicious measures adopted by James that Ireland owes the suppression of the irregularities committed both by Irish chiefs and by English soldiers. And under this King,

* *Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth.* Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A., and William Bullen, Esq. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. 1873.

lands which had hitherto been held by most uncertain tenure were secured to the freeholders, whilst the substitution of a fixed rent in the place of arbitrary exactions both afforded protection to the tenant, and encouraged habits of industry and frugality. The most interesting portion of Mr. Brewer's preface is here, where he is occupied in contrasting the policy of this reign with that of the preceding fifty years in the management of Ireland. From the time of Henry VIII. many Irish chiefs had condescended to resign their possessions into the hands of the sovereign, and receive them again relieved of all uncertainty as to their tenure, because henceforth they could be considered as a grant from the Crown. But though this measure acted as a protection to the great landholders, it by no means secured any better cultivation of the land by the inferior tenant, who was subjected to the same exercise of arbitrary power on the part of his landlord as before. And here Mr. Brewer shall speak for himself:—

The lands he [the lord] had thus secured were no better cultivated, the condition of the people no whit improved, the hope of reclaiming them from disorder, barbarism, and distress no greater; in fact less, for the chief had become stronger and more able to tyrannize.

It was no more than even-handed justice demanded that the benefit he had himself received he should be willing to see extended to others. But the Irish Chief, so far from being inclined to this, resisted the attempt with all his might; and it is this resistance which was at the bottom of all his opposition to the English Government during the reign of Elizabeth—a resistance so extraordinarily misrepresented by writers on both sides of the Channel, and held up for an example of Elizabeth's severity on one side and a struggle for national independence on the other. As tenants of the Crown, these Irish chiefs were bound to obey the laws of the Crown, but of that they never had the least intention. They coveted the protection that it gave them, and the security of a certain in place of an uncertain title; but submission to the law in return, or admission of the administration of any other law than their own, in the vast territories thus granted them, was further from their thoughts—that, I repeat, they resisted; and in their new position were more able to resist than before. I do not say that there were not other concurrent causes; but this, I submit, was the real and original cause; security of their own interests only; an obstinate determination to prevent any reforms, or English protection in any shape being allowed to reach to those beneath them.—P. xvii.

This evil was in the main remedied by the strict administration of justice under James I., who enjoyed, Mr. Brewer thinks, special advantages for prosecuting the task. We must be content to refer our readers to the preface itself, which will amply repay the trouble of perusal, though we are not sure that the writer has not somewhat overstated the case. Anyhow, there will be found a masterly and philosophical estimate of the real grievances of the Irish as well as of the measures adopted for their removal. We have already implied that in the Plantation of Ulster James managed to avoid the mistakes that had been made by Elizabeth in settling the Southern province. Instead of reckless grants of territory, in some cases amounting to ten or twelve thousand acres or more, to English settlers, on condition of having no Irish resident amongst them, all the six counties of Tyrone, Armagh, Coleraine, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan were parcelled out in allotments, varying from one to three thousand acres; and thus a number of smaller gentry were attracted, both from England and especially from Scotland, who were content, under the improbability of rising to anything higher in their own country, to settle in Ireland and cultivate their own lands. Under these, Ulster, from having been "the most rude and uninformed part of Ireland," slowly developed, and the resulting prosperity of that part of the country at this day bears its testimony to the wisdom of those who planned its colonization more than two hundred and fifty years ago. Another condition imposed upon these settlers exercised its influence in stimulating them to labour and perseverance. Each undertaker was bound to erect within three years a substantial dwelling-place, and those of the first rank were also obliged to place on their estates forty-eight able-bodied men, born in England or Scotland. Nor were the Irish altogether excluded, a considerable proportion of the land having been granted to them on condition of their submission to English forms of justice and English modes of husbandry, and conforming themselves to English modes of worship.

This last condition reminds us that we have little space remaining for the notice of ecclesiastical affairs, which we should have expected to occupy a more prominent position in these twenty years than they actually do. Mr. Brewer is absolutely silent about the religious difficulty in his preface, and the Carew Manuscripts make but slight allusion to it. Unfortunately there are no more volumes of these MSS. to tell us how the fire which was smouldering in James's reign burst forth, and how Ireland was afterwards convulsed by feuds and rebellions, which originated mainly in the irritation the natives so keenly felt at the attempt to destroy their religious faith. Here and there we have a notice of the proceedings for the reformation of religion, or a casual reference to the fine imposed for not attending a service at church conducted in a language which not a single native understood. But James was powerless to exterminate the Papal power, even in Ulster; neither did he succeed in establishing the religion which he had set his heart upon. The maxim "No bishop, no king" might do very well for England; but the Establishment in Ulster was obliged to waive its pretensions, and to admit the services of Presbyterians for the sake of those who were prejudiced against prelacy; and the example of the compromise may probably exert a considerable influence on the future position of the Disestablished Church of Ireland.

A FRIEND AT COURT.*

WE had but little hope of this story when we found that it opened with the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and still less when we found that the hero, Kit Mowbray, was the Oxford stroke. We were alarmed when we read that to the race there had been "one continual flow of visitors—patricians and proletarians," for we foresaw that till the end of the book there would be one continual flow of words—ampullarian, if we may coin the word, and sesquipedalian. Still more alarmed were we when the hero was introduced as a man who "looked like form and fettle, and worthy to possess the confidence of his University." We thought we knew too well what was coming—the terrific fight he would have in which he would hit some scoundrel, whether patrician or proletarian as the case might be, between the eyes, and win a patrician and not a proletarian bride. We felt sure that before the first volume had come to its close the heroine would be in a carriage that was run away with along the edge of a precipice; or in the attic story, as heroines are so often found, of a house that was on fire; or in the Limited Scotch Mail, as it was going through Wigan station; or in some other place where life is not set at a pin's fee, and that she would be saved by the hero's form and fettle. We were agreeably surprised when we found that Mr. Ewald made the most moderate use of the great strength with which he had endowed his hero. He does indeed go down a mill-race under a huge mill-wheel, but this only indirectly bears on his marriage. He rescues the only child of the great statesman Lord Salamis, and in return gets a Government appointment so good that, when at the end of the third volume the stern parent of the heroine relents, Kit, in a money point of view, is found as "worthy to possess the confidence" of his future father-in-law as in form and fettle he had been worthy to possess the confidence of his University. He does indeed knock the villain down, but as the villain long before had ruined his health with drink, it is no great credit to Kit. Later on no doubt he gets a sword run into him by the villain, who, to the reader's great relief, goes mad; but though the dangerous wound that Kit received greatly improved his position with the heroine, yet it might of course have been received by a man who was gifted with neither form nor fettle. On the whole, the author makes so very little use of Kit's athleticism that we scarcely see why he need have introduced it at all. The boat-race, however, takes up twenty-six pages, and so no doubt fulfils a very useful purpose. The last few lines which ends the chapter in which it is described afford so happy a mixture of the patrician and the proletarian styles of speaking that we should do wrong not to quote them:—

By the time Oxford had reached the Brewery Cambridge was two lengths behind, distressed, defeated, but not dishonoured.

And now loud yelled the crowd, and bang! bang! boomed the cannon, as dark blue, fresh as paint, sent her boat past the winning-post, and Cambridge, toiling astern, heard the voice of the judge cry out, "By four clear lengths!" And so the race was over, and Oxford scored another victory to her already long roll of successive triumphs.

"Clothe up! Paddle back!"

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Ewald often condescends to use such an expression as "clothe up." He has a good many very big people to deal with, and he uses very big words. Kit's aunt is no less a lady than the daughter of "the Most Honourable the Marquis of Tunbridge," as he is twice called. Why this particular Marquis is a Most Honourable, and why his daughter, Kit's aunt, in page 36 before she is married is Lady Selina Rusthall, and in page 139 after she is married is Lady Isabella, we are not patrician enough to pretend to know. This Lady Selina, or Isabella, whichever name her godfather and godmother had given her, was "the châtelaine" of Ylton Tyrrell, while Lady Barillon, the aunt of the heroine, became "the châtelaine" of Royston. A hero who is nearly related to a Most Honourable Marquis and has two aunts who are châtelaines scarcely requires, we should have thought, to be carried under a mill-wheel to get a friend at court. And yet perhaps to rescue the only daughter of a great Minister may in these days of competitive examination be the only means a rowing-man has of entering the Civil Service of his country. Among Kit's acquaintances was one gentleman who was "a misogynist" and another "whose head was brachycephalic." Muriel Barillon, the heroine, on one occasion "arranged her drawing paraphernalia," while Kit, the hero, on another occasion "could have wept as his gaze met his knapsack, thick boots, and other Alpine paraphernalia." He drank beer "at an ancient hostel, yclept the 'Pferd,'" and he belonged to "that great department of State yclept the Board of Conventions." Muriel "on the altar of filial duty had sacrificed the dictates of her heart," for her father, maintaining that he was "illuminated by the light of the present, and not of the past," was for nearly three volumes obstinate in his determination that she should only marry a rich man. Among Kit's comrades at the Board of Conventions was one of whom it is said that "the ego of his own intellect was the standard by which he measured everything"; while he and another comrade with whom he went one day in "a speedy hansom, were deposited on the pavement in front of Shoreditch Station. It was there they had elected to alight." Let us hope that with the spread of education the day may come when even the most proletarian of cabmen will ask his fare where he elects to alight, so that

* *A Friend at Court*. A Novel. By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A., Author of the "Life and Times of Algernon Sydney," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

there he may deposit him. Though in this story people going on foot "wend their way," though "the day wanes," though "a sunset tinges the mellowed scenery with its cold, bright sheen," though a certain lawyer "has never put his leg over a horse for the last decade," yet we regret to say that we read that a squire on his deathbed "would lay (*sic*) for hours quite silent, as if rapt in reflection." Before a writer uses wending, waning, sheen, and decade, it would not be too much to ask that he should know the difference between *lie* and *lay*. It is not only in style that there are inaccuracies. The Friend at Court, the great Minister, Lord Salamis, "the upper part of whose massive head phrenologists say is the finest monument to intellect they have ever seen," was not so accurate in his facts as so great a man should have been. A monument, however, is generally set up to that which no longer exists. And so it would seem to follow that a head which is a monument to intellect must be as empty of intellect as any funeral urn. We suppose that Lord Salamis with his Eastern origin, "his epigrammatic sharpness, his eloquence, his biting sarcasms, and fierce denunciations," reproached, too, as he was by his enemies as being an "Attic Adventurer," is meant for Mr. Disraeli. Whether Mr. Disraeli is as inaccurate as Mr. Lowe pretends we need not now consider. Certainly he is not so inaccurate in literary matters as Mr. Ewald in his admiration makes Lord Salamis. "Hume's father," says Lord Salamis, in a long address he made to Kit, "thought his son fit only to be a merchant." The elder Hume must have formed his judgment somewhat hastily, and on somewhat scanty facts, for "my father," says Hume himself, "died when I was an infant." "Burke's first speech," says Lord Salamis, "was coughed down." Every one will remember the passage where Macaulay says, "The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn." Again, "Gibbon's History of Switzerland was a miserable failure." Let any one turn to Gibbon's Autobiography, and see how utterly misleading is such a sentence as this. Besides Lord Salamis, there is another learned blunderer in the story, a Mr. Kingairloch, who, speaking of art, says:—

All I know is, that it wasn't more developed in Germany than in France or England. As for Rembrandt, he was a Dutchman, and the Dutch are different from the Germans. Rubens—yes, Rubens was a German—but he owes all his fame to having followed the Dutch school of art, and not the German.

It is hardly worth while to expose the inaccuracies in such an absurd statement as this.

We must do Mr. Ewald the justice to admit that, if Lord Salamis is inaccurate in dealing with the great, Mr. Ewald is not inaccurate in dealing with Lord Salamis. His Lordship's consistent affection for a cigar or a cigarette and strong black coffee is admirable. "Tobacco is the Muse of conversation," as the hero said while recommending some "weeds." "Tobacco is the muse of novel-writing" might with more truth be said, for we doubt if a certain school of novelists could write their stories if they were not allowed, on every other page or so, to mention that a cigar was lighted, or else thrown away. His Lordship one morning "was slowly puffing the smoke from his fragrant cigarette," while "Kit was smoking his after-breakfast cigar (that most enjoyable of all weeds!)" Enjoyable as is the after-breakfast cigar, yet the after-dinner cigar would seem to be of more practical service, for it is "the cigar of digestion" which should be "placidly puffed" after "a capital dinner and a proper homage paid to the choicer vintages." Whether Lord Salamis, by indulging in this, saved his digestion for his own good and that of his country, we are nowhere distinctly told. His midday practice, as described in the following paragraph, would lead us to expect that the close of his day was not unlike the opening:—

It was the custom of Lord Salamis always at one o'clock to order a cup of black coffee, and to indulge in the luxury of a midday cigar. As soon as he had got his long and full-flavoured weed well under weigh, and had ensconced himself in a roomy cane rocking-chair, he sent for Kit.

It may not be amiss to mention, as an interesting trait in Mr. Ewald's characters, that to their love for tobacco and black coffee was added a high appreciation of "dry sherry." Those novelists who drag into their stories these minute accounts of what their heroes like to eat, drink, and smoke, doubtless only wish to let the world know what they themselves like to eat, drink, and smoke. One writer, who is proud of his steady appetite for rumpsteaks, oyster sauce, and Presburg biscuits, makes the lives of his favourite characters a continual feasting on these dainties. Another who, like Mr. Ewald, does like a cigar after breakfast and does not take milk in his coffee, and prefers a dry sherry, makes his men of genius and of virtue share in the same innocent tastes. We may suggest that a good deal of trouble would be saved to the writer, and a good deal of weariness to the reader, if each writer set forth his appetites on the title-page and kept his eating, drinking, and smoking out of his story. The title-page of the novel before us, for instance, would have been somewhat after the following fashion:—*A Friend at Court*. A Novel. By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A., author of the *Life and Times of Algernon Sydney*, &c., and a lover of cigars, black coffee, and dry sherry. There would have been a further convenience in this. As there is clearly a close, if an unexplained, connexion between the kinds of food a man relishes and the kinds of books he likes, any one at a glance could tell whether an author was likely to suit his palate or not. For though he could not be sure that a novelist, however much he might agree with him in tastes,

would produce an agreeable book, he might be quite certain that a novelist whose tastes were altogether opposed to his would produce a book that would be anything but agreeable. Admirable though our suggestion is, we have but little hope that it will be adopted. For in the modern novel, as at a City feast, talk about eating and drinking helps to fill up a gap which would have otherwise appeared.

From the space we have given to criticism on the composition of this story, our readers may perhaps think that it has scarcely any plot. Fortunately for them, we have no space left to spoil its interest by an analysis of it. We will only say that, as the heroine's father, a man of large estates, will not let his daughter marry a comparatively poor man, a will is found, when things are at their blackest and matrimony is at its furthest, "in the strong-room of a firm of solicitors, beneath a broken stone slab, under a box." One of the two scoundrels who had thus hidden away the will was the drunken madman, while the other, when the right time comes, gets knocked down by an engine at Broad Street station. Both his legs are crushed, but "he lingered two days and two nights, and on his recovering consciousness a few hours before death," made a confession which fills seventeen pages. It is hard to decide whether the great length to which his confession extends testifies more to the skill of the surgeons at St. Mary's Hospital, Shoreditch, where he was nursed, in thus husbanding his strength and prolonging his life, or to the natural gifts which he possesses in company with Mr. Ewald of telling a short story in many words. Considering the great facility for composition which he showed when his legs were crushed, we cannot but feel that, had he kept out of the way of the engine, he might, if he had lived, have written quite as good a novel as *A Friend at Court*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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J. ELLA, Director, 9 Victoria Square.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SEVENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on Monday, April 20, 5 Pall Mall East.—Admission, 1s.
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The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.
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10 John Street, Adelphi, W.C.
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By Order of the Committee.
F. K. J. SHESTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER SESSION commences on Monday, May 4. Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application, personally or by letter, to the TREASURER or DEAN of the School, at the Hospital.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.—SUMMER SESSION, 1874.—LECTURES will commence on Friday, May 1. For Prospectus containing information as to Fees, Entrance and other Scholarships, Clinical Appointments, &c., apply to
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SHERBORNE SCHOOL.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIPS is fixed for June 21 and 25.—For particulars apply to the SECRETARY.

LANCASTER ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on April 29 and 30. Candidates must have been under Fourteen on January 1, 1874.—Apply to Rev. WILLIAM E. FRYKE, M.A., Head-Master.

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Of this number 37 gained the first place in their respective competitions. The list may be had on application by letter to the LIBRARIAN, Garrick Chambers, Garrick Street, London.

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Head-Master—The Rev. THOMPSON POMEROY, M.A., First Classman in Classics, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.
Master, Modern School—The Rev. G. R. GREEN, M.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.
The ensuing Term will commence on Thursday, the 7th day of May next. Boarders to return the previous afternoon.
For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or the Secretary, Major GARRARD, The College, Eastbourne.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

The JUNIOR TERM begins April 13.
The SENIOR TERM April 25.
Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application to the LADY-RESIDENT.

THE WESTERN COLLEGE, BRIGHTON.

Principal—Dr. W. PORTER KNIGHTLEY, F.C.P.
The Pupils of this long-established School enjoy the highest Educational advantages in preparing for Mercantile life, as well as for the various Competitive Examinations, whether of the Oxford and Cambridge Local, the University Matriculation, the Civil Service, the Military Colleges, or Direct Commissions, in all of which Dr. KNIGHTLEY'S Pupils have taken high places in the Honour List. In addition to the intellectual and moral training, superior health conditions are secured by the appliances of a well-arranged residence in this favourite watering-place. Prospectuses of terms and Class-lists may be obtained by application to the PRINCIPAL, personally or by letter.

ETON HOUSE, HAMPSHIRE.—High-class EDUCATIONAL HOME for the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN of Family and Position. Terms from 80 to 100 guineas, inclusive. Summer Term commences April 21.

EDUCATION.—ENDOWED GRAMMAR SCHOOL, founded 1559, for the SONS of GENTLEMEN, with Exhibitions to St. John's College, Cambridge. Three Resident Assistant Masters, and FORTY PUPILS are received, who are prepared for the several Examinations. Two Vacancies.—Address, HEAD-MASTER, care of Messrs. Reeves, 119 Chesham.

AN OXFORD M.A. of considerable experience prepares PUPILS for the University. References given and required.—Address, Rev. H. DE BOMESTIN, Freeland Parsonage, Eynsham, Oxon.

OVERSLADE, near Rugby.—A First-class PREPARATORY SCHOOL, under the Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Chr. Coll., Camb., and formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury College and Wellington College.

MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN (exclusively), 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square, W. The EASTER TERM will commence Tuesday, April 14.

SCHOOL FRIGATE, H.M.S. CONWAY, LIVERPOOL.

CLARKE ASPINALL, J.P., Chairman.
This Ship is established for TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN with a view to their becoming Officers in the MERCHANT SERVICE.
Terms, 50 guineas per annum, including Uniform and all other extras. The sons of Officers in the Navy and Mercantile Marine are received at the reduced rate of 40 guineas.
Quarter Days when Pupils can be admitted, February 1, April 10, August 1, and October 10. Apply to Captain E. B. H. FRANKLIN, R.N., Rock Ferry.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.—THE FRENCH and GERMAN MASTER, Mr. C. H. WALL, receives BOARDERS. French is always spoken, and will be thoroughly acquired without interruption to other work. The College instruction is supplemented by House Teaching. Special care is given to Boys intended for the Army, Civil Service, &c. College and Boarding-House Fees, Eighty to Ninety Guineas. References to Clergymen, Officers in the Army and Navy, &c.

CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE.—The Office of PRINCIPAL became VACANT on April 1. Candidates, who must be Clergymen in full Orders of the Church of England and Graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, are requested to send in to the Secretary, at the College, Cheltenham, not later than April 11. Twenty-five Copies of Testimonials. The fixed Salary is £400 per Annum, which is augmented by a Capitation Fee of 42 per Boy on every Boy above 250. The present numbers are 663. The Council are endeavouring to procure a Residence for the Principal, and until one is found an equivalent in House-rent will be given.—Further particulars on application to the SECRETARY, at the College, Cheltenham.

A RUSSIAN FAMILY, for some time resident in England, are about to return to the Continent, and are desirous of strongly recommending a YOUNG ENGLISH LADY who has lived with them in the capacity of GOVERNESS.—Address, Dr. B., Steins House, Kemp Town, Brighton.

WANTED, £3,500 upon MORTGAGE of a Public Building on which £6,000 has already been expended. The money is needed to furnish the Building, 25 per Cent. would be given.—Apply to Mr. J. F. HOSBY, 142 Stokwell Road, S.W.

NOTICE of REMOVAL.—H. J. CAVE & SONS, Railway Basket Makers, by Special Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Manufacturers of Portmanteaus, Travelling Bags, English and Foreign Basket Work, &c., have REMOVED to much larger premises, 49 WIGMORE STREET (between Welbeck Street and Wigmore Street). * * * N.B.—New Illustrated Catalogues for 1874, free by post for Two Stamps.

SANATORIUM.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill
Physician—DR. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D., Edin.
For Invalids and those requiring rest and change. Turkish Baths on the premises.